

# ZION'S HERALD

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REV. J. D. FULTON, D. D.

We present our readers with a correct likeness of the most earnest and most prominent preacher of his denomination in Boston, and one of the most successful of any Church, Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D. It seems almost out of place to put these titles of what some call dignified dullness, after so pungent a name. But Rochester University has said we must, and being a Calvinistic college, its decree is of course *Medic* and *Per-sian*.

Mr. Fulton, as we prefer to call him, was born in Sherburne, N. Y., March 1, 1828. He is now, therefore, at the midpoint of ripeness and brightness, just turned of forty. He was educated at Michigan and Rochester Universities, at the latter of which he was graduated in 1851, and in Theology in 1853. He commenced his life-campaign before he had got out of the Seminary, having spoken in a hall at Rochester, when an undergraduate, against the errors of Romanism. His house was thinner then than it is now-a-days, but not his will nor spirit. They were always full of fervor and resolves.

He commenced life formally at St. Louis, as editor and preacher. Here he was ordained. He edited *The Gospel Banner*, a paper designed to aid the Bible Union. It was earnest for every good work, and was silent on slavery, so far as words directly went. But its tone and spirit were so bitterly hostile to that system, that the managers and outsiders determined he should be crushed. He was removed from the chair on the declaration that "it was not enough that a man be a Christian and a gentleman, he must believe in slavery, *per se*, and advocate it." The paper was crushed a good deal quicker than the editor, for no number of it ever appeared after he left it, and he has appeared many times since. He had the honor of preaching the first free State sermon in that State.

In 1856 he came to Sandusky, where he found a parish and a wife, both of which were very happy and prosperous under his care; for, much as some might fancy he was not a woman's man, because he is not a Woman's Rights man, they would confess their mistake, if they could visit his very Christian and happy household. No family is happier than his, and none deserves to be. He left Sandusky in 1859 for Albany, where, with two brethren, he started a church that soon became a power in that city. He was full of works, as of faith, and in the opening of the war was one of the most zealous and popular of its advocates. In 1863 he came to Boston. The Tremont Temple Free Church had been established by the labors and sacrifices of Timothy Gilbert, as good a man as ever served out his probation triumphantly. The Tremont Temple enterprise at one time was at very low ebb. When Mr. Fulton was called to the pastorate, he saw that it needed a new element and a new life. This new element was found in the Union Church, of which Geo. M. Chipman was the leader, who brought to the Temple a reputation for piety and efficiency which made the Union Temple Church a power from the start. In saying this, we would by no means disparage the men who had borne the burden and heat of the day in the Temple work. Timothy Gilbert, Clement Drew, and others, insisted upon the Union, and felt, as much as Mr. Fulton, the importance of beginning the new work under a new name, and under brighter auspices. It has had very successful preachers, chief among whom was Nathaniel Colver. They heard of the success of Mr. Fulton at Albany, went for him, got him, and in Dec. 1863 he began his work in Boston. It has been an uninterrupted success to this hour. His congregations are crowded, his church and Sunday-school number each about eight hundred, the largest of any in the city.

He has brought this church to the front of his order, if not to the front of all orders in numbers and zeal. Assisted by Mr. J. W. Converse, the President of the Tremont Temple Corporation, Messrs. Chipman, Perkins, Wentworth, Stacy, Col. Parsons, and others, he has brought the whole property, as well as the church spiritually, into a flourishing state. It is the finest hall for public speaking in this city, and one of the few fine public buildings belonging to a church in this country. It is valued at four hundred thousand dollars. On it remains a debt of \$150,000. This is being rapidly extinguished.

Mr. Fulton is of medium stature, dark complexion, bright eyes, full of spirit; his utterance is rapid, so much so that he sometimes stammers through earnestness. He handles an audience as its master, is bluff, jocular, severe, and devout. He is orthodox to the backbone, and to the outermost integument of skin or coat beyond that iron column. He un-

draws his hearers unto him. They may scoff, may criticize, may condemn, but they listen. The third, and not least reason of his success, is his adaptation of his message to the hour. He knows, as but few ministers do, how to preach the Bible and telegrams. He holds the mirror of passing events, not up to nature, but to nature's God, who is Christ the Lord. He makes every current breath blow the sails of the Gospel ship. This makes him a thoroughly live preacher. There is no dead wood about his forest. Everything is fresh, and green, and growing. Young people go to hear the deeds of the hour put into their Christian shape. The comments may sometimes be necessarily crude and incorrect, but they never fail to be honest and Christian. He is sure to point the daily act with a Scripture text and a Christian application. Temperance, Dickens, European war, Papacy's fall, everything a-going is made, in the Tremont Temple pulpit, to illustrate the truth of Christ.

This makes him a centre of debate. Men never discuss thoroughly dead issues or dead men. They must have the breath of life in them, even if they have left the body politic or fleshly, or they are buried from talk and thought. His freshness breeds contention. He speaks his mind, and his antagonists speak theirs. This was strikingly seen in the debate over Dickens. Mr. Fulton stated the Gospel truth squarely, tenderly, boldly. It was bitterly assailed. But it will stand the test to which he subjected it. It is a crucible that tests every profession, every life. He that accepts its results, is sure of complete and ultimate victory, and no other. He is of course a strong Baptist; he could not be any other, if he was one at all; he is opposed to open communion, and whatever he deems of anti-immersion tendencies. He will yet find his view of Baptism, even if it be the right one, which he is not likely to find, will much more certainly prevail by striking down that unbrotherly separation at the Lord's table. Yet his heart knows no sect; and no more genial nor cordial spirit exists in the world. May he long do battle against all unrighteousness, and preach successfully the great salvation.

The New Hampshire State Prohibitory Convention met last week, at Concord, and resolved to keep up its organization, rejoicing in its healthful effect last year, and preparing to work yet more efficiently the coming season. Rev. Messrs. Babcock, Barrows, and others, are among its chief managers. They will yet effect their end, the extirpation of the dram-shop and the dram from their State.

Russia seems inclined to put a stop to Prussia's progress. It was the mistake of a lifetime, that Bismarck did not stop at Sedan. The whole world sees his blunder. He acted thus wisely at Sedan, refusing to advance to Vienna. He should have done the same at Sedan. Every step onward has been a blunder. If he takes Paris, it will be the biggest blunder of all. Better now gather up his men and laurels, and retire. He has consolidated Germany. That was all he wished. Straubourg and Metz, Alsace and Lorraine are of small account beside the unification of his own nation. That done, no French fort or force can harm it. He must soon compel the war to close, or be compelled by other European powers to close it.

EDUCATIONAL.—Middletown reports fifty-one new students. The Judd building is rapidly hastening to its completion. The Northwestern has sixty in the Freshman class, next in number in the West to Michigan University. The Boston Theological Seminary has fifty-six, Drew seventy, Wilbraham is full, and our other seminaries flourishing.



derstands the enemies of orthodoxy, and knows how to handle them. He preaches Christ crucified, to the anti-sacrificialists a stumbling-block, and to the skeptically wise, foolishness; but to them that are saved, of both of these classes, and of all others, Christ the power of God and wisdom of God.

His success is due to a threefold cause: First, Faith. He believes the Gospel with all his heart, might, mind, and strength. He discounts no letter of the Word of God. It is all yes and amen in Christ Jesus. He is thoroughly convinced of the total depravity of the human soul, its need of the provisions of the atonement, of the work of the Spirit, of the blessings of salvation here and hereafter. This makes him a bold preacher of righteousness. No inward conflicts trouble him. Of the divinity of Christ and His Gospel, he is fully persuaded. Second, His heart is in his faith; he enjoys the experience he proclaims. He is not only a Gospel believer and preacher, but he knows how to make others interested. Some men are warm-hearted, but fail to warm other hearts. Not so with Mr. Fulton. No one can hear him without being interested. He



## Original and Selected Papers.

## RELIGIOUS DIGESTION.

BY (?).

That sly and old talker, "They Say,"  
Proclaims, for our Sabbath-day rest,  
"One short, good nice sermon a day,  
Is all we good folks can digest."  
"Especially short! yes, be short!  
Be short in the sermon and prayer;  
Or, hearers will surely be short,—  
Be short at the grave, and elsewhere."  
"As brevity's the soul of true wit,  
It's the soul of devotion, the best;  
O come, hurry up! and, do quit,—  
But little the people digest."  
"A seat in the churches of God  
Is nice, if a splendid choir sings;  
If not, the tired concourse will nod.  
Be short, for the people are kings."  
"True, Jesus and Paul preached long,  
And seats were quite scarce in those days;  
But now, if you'd call out the throng,  
The less for digestion's what pays."  
"A twenty minute sermon will do,—  
Two more,—if your timeists don't sleep,—  
They shut down their swallow on you,  
They're only a half an inch deep."  
"The men are so wearied from gains,  
The women from fixings and frills,  
The children from stuffing their brains,  
Long preaching is useless,—it kills!"  
"Besides, it is often too warm;  
The parlor's luxuriant and cool;  
We dread cold like a northeaster storm;  
Be short! or set down as a fool."  
"Progression's fast life must be right,  
Be quick with the preach and the sing!  
Though amusement may take a whole night,  
You know that's a different thing."  
"It takes time to drive a good trade,—  
To be most exquisitely dressed,—  
With hours for a good time we are paid,  
A minute for a Scripture digest."  
"Tis true, we don't all quite agree,—  
Digestion may be somewhat wrong;  
But this on the sermons we see,  
The shortest's a little too long."

## MORAL.

Men relish the novel through weeks,  
Their pleasures and fashions for years;  
The great thoughts of God which He speaks,  
Digestion that's bad never hears.  
Digestion in physical health  
Has relish for plenty of food;  
Without it, old Death comes by stealth,  
And gives us his short house of wood.  
We need spirit-food to give breath,  
To drink from God's spiritual cup;  
Or, souls find a spiritual death,  
And worms of the world eat us up.

## MISSIONARY BISHOPS.

BY A MISSIONARY.

Since the lamented death of Bishop Kingsley on his missionary tour, it has become clearly evident that our next General Conference will take some decisive steps towards giving a more definite character to the episcopal supervision of our foreign missions. The present supervision is little more than nominal, and not satisfactory to the parties most concerned. It is said that Bishop Kingsley expressed himself most unqualifiedly on this subject to our missionaries in the East. A flying visit from a stranger once every five years, was, in his opinion, far from what episcopal supervision should be. The missionaries, also, are not satisfied, and hope for change.

What shall the change be? Already four plans have been submitted to the Church by eminent authorities, and it is not probable that four will complete the list. Each plan has its merits; but to a distant observer like the writer, it sometimes seems as if our good friends at home did not clearly settle in their own minds what the Bishop was to do when made. On this pivot turns the whole question. Too many seem to assume that a bishop is only needed to officiate at ordination services. Others regard him as an agent of the Board, chiefly useful in maintaining satisfactory relations between that body and his mission. Others wish to see a complete Church system set up in each foreign land, and look upon a bishop as necessary to that consummation. Is there no other work for him? If not, there is no crying need of missionary bishops in any of our foreign missions.

The real value of a Methodist Bishop, at home or abroad, consists in his ability to keep the work in motion in all parts of the field, by sending efficient men to the places most needing them. His office has other functions,

to be sure, and his superintendency should embrace much more than this, but here lies his greatest power. He is a commander-in-chief of a Militant Church, and it is by his power to put down men at critical points, that he achieves most for the Church. Take this prerogative from him, and his office will not survive its loss a single generation. Now let us see how the plans proposed thus far, admit of the exercise of this prerogative.

1. The present policy of sending the bishops abroad in turn, every few years, their number being so far increased as to admit of this. The objection to this is, that so far as making prompt appointments is concerned, the plan has been tried, and is a most signal failure. We have seen both China and India depleted of men without the bishops in charge being able to afford them any relief. In the whole United States it would be impossible to find a charge left year after year without a preacher, and yet this has become a chronic state of affairs in some of our foreign missions. The bishops are not to blame. It requires time and much diligent searching to find a good missionary recruit, and this time our bishops cannot have.

If the members of the last General Conference could have heard some of Bishop Kingsley's remarks, when on his weary tour, about their singular unwillingness to elect new bishops, they might see this subject in a new light. "I can get you men," he said to the brethren in one mission, "but all my time is already engaged up to January next. I will do what I can then." A missionary counted the months on his fingers, and then asked how long it would be before the men thus found would be at their posts. The Bishop counted in his turn, and then answered with a sigh, "Two years." Time and again he assured the missionaries that the work at home demanded every hour of his time, and that it was simply impossible to do what he wished for the mission fields.

2. The proposal to have a resident bishop in each mission field is open to this same difficulty. A bishop in China cannot lay his hand on a young man in America. He would be obliged to appeal to his colleagues at home, and the appeal would fare no better than if made by an ordinary missionary. The case would be different if we had a vast native work in our foreign fields, but in its present stage of development the work can be very efficiently supervised by, presiding elders, and the great work of the Bishop must, for some years to come, be that of keeping up the missionary force in the highest possible state of efficiency. If this is done, the native work will be kept in an efficient state, and if it is not done, the presence of a resident bishop among the natives will be simply one additional missionary on the grounds.

3. Another plan proposed is that of temporarily dispensing with bishops in our foreign fields, and allowing native preachers to be ordained by ordinary elders. This plan would do very well, if the question were simply one of securing ordination for our preachers, but, as before said, this is not the difficulty. Moreover, it is more than probable that the proposed temporary policy would become a permanent one, and Methodism in our foreign fields become more like English Wesleyanism than American Methodism.

4. The fourth plan which has been suggested, is that of setting apart one of the bishops for the exclusive work of supervising our foreign missions. Such an officer could easily visit each mission every second or third year, and, having acquainted himself with the wants of the work, could return home and make his appointments with a knowledge of the work and of the men sent to it, which is now impossible. We need a bishop for this work with the spirit and the activity of Dr. Coke. His task would be a difficult one, but he would be able to so arrange his work as to perform all that would be expected from him, and he would be able to do every part of the work of a Methodist bishop. No other plan proposed admits of this. He would have nothing to do while at home, but to represent our missionary interests, and he would have ample leisure to enroll a magnificent corps of young men, ready at an hour's notice to take service in any foreign field. Thus would end the unspeakable humiliation which we are now enduring, of having our papers filled with assertions that our young men shrink from missionary service. Give us such a missionary bishop as this, and our missionary work will enter on a new era.

## A DAY AMONG THE QUAKERS.

BY REV. E. O. HAYEN.

By invitation of the "Western Yearly Meeting of the Friends in Indiana," or rather of the Literary Association connected with the meeting, I had the pleasure of attending their annual convention at Plainfield, on September 17th, and giving an address on the demands for higher religious education. The meetings of the Quakers are not largely attended by others, and their proceedings are so peculiar that some few observation upon them may be interesting and suggestive of good to other denominations. Plainfield is a village of about a thousand inhabitants; and though it is a rich agricultural country, the wonder is how the few people can accommodate the immense concourse called together by the "Yearly Meetings" held regularly in that little place. On Sunday at least four thousand people were assembled, and the average attendance on the other days of the week was about two thousand. The

Yearly Meeting is composed of representatives, male and female, of the quarterly meetings, each of which represents from one to three or four societies. The male and female representatives are about equal in numbers.

The meeting-house in which they assembled is a plain structure 120 feet long by 70 wide, divided transversely through the middle, from the floor to the ceiling, by a movable partition, and during the business sessions the men occupy one apartment, and the women the other. The ministers and aged members sit on a raised platform on one side, facing the larger part of the assembly, that occupies the lower floor. When addresses of general interest are expected from either side of the house, for sometimes they can anticipate the moving of the Spirit, the partition disappears, partly rising toward the ceiling and partly sinking beneath the floor, aided by the hands of those who sit near it, and then a beautiful and impressive scene is witnessed. The women Quaker ministers and elders, numbering one or two hundred, all in their sober array of silk, and drab bonnets, on the one side, and an equal number of male ministers and elders on the other side, in straight coats whose single collars rise to the back of the head, and many of them with broad-brimmed hats on, facing an audience of not less than two thousand people, make an impression, on one not accustomed to it, not likely to be forgotten.

When this picture was first presented to my view, after a long business session, the partition parted and vanished in order that all might hear an address from Enoch Hoag, one of the Commissioners to the Indians of the West, appointed by President Grant. The commissioner appears like a man of strong practical sagacity, and gave a very encouraging description of the success which the Quaker agents for peace and civilization had met with. He averred that all the wars with the Indians were provoked by unjust white men, and that nearly all the tribes can be induced at once to emigrate to the reserved territory and assume the habits of civilization. In the course of a few years all the tribes will follow this example. Some tribes have already begun the work, and he showed that the money received from the sale of the lands which they give up and do not need, will be sufficient, honestly expended, to build school-houses and sustain education among them. His address was full of encouragement, and did not intimate the possibility of failure. He warmly appealed to ardent Christians of both sexes to volunteer as teachers for the Indians.

It is a great compliment to this small body of Christians that President Grant has called upon them to solve the vexed problem of how to treat the Indians, and it will be a signal triumph of peace and Christianity if they succeed. Quaker families are now living with the Indians, teaching them industry and religion.

The Friends are manifesting great interest in education. This particular meeting have about four thousand children between seven and sixteen years of age,—a census being taken annually,—and not one of that number failed to attend school the past year! The most of them attend private Friends' Schools. They are now turning their attention particularly to higher education, and have one institution called Earlham College in Indiana. The manner of conducting their business is peculiar. The clerk, who has two assistants, is the presiding officer. He makes a minute of the subject to be considered, and reads it. Members then can express their opinions—not addressing the chair, but the meeting—not in the form of motion or resolution, but simply expressing an opinion which may be advocated in as many or few remarks as he pleases. When he sits down, perhaps a dozen or more will rise successively and state their satisfaction with the opinion expressed. If no one dissents, the clerk records briefly the result, reads it, and is then ready for another subject. If any one dissents, he expresses his notions—others state their satisfaction or dissatisfaction. Perhaps another opinion still is offered. The discussion may continue hours. In the mean time perhaps a minister arises and proceeds to preach a short sermon or exhortation. All listen till he finishes, and then the discussion is resumed. Finally the clerk reads what he thinks is the average sentiment of the meeting, and all acquiesce.

In the mean time the sisters are holding a like meeting. Any subject of general interest must be approved by both houses to become a rule or law. The brethren consider primarily financial subjects, and the sisters social matters. It was hinted, too, that more of the time on the women's side of the house was occupied in "preaching." Every one is expected to follow out a "concern of mind," or "impression;" and considering the absence of "rules of order," the harmony is wonderful. It might be well for our General Conferences to study this subject. The good Quakers are finding it impossible to hold on to all their peculiarities. Many of their young people (imitating Christ and his disciples) will occasionally "sing a hymn." The young women will discard the drab, and dress like other people. So, too, the young men let the tailors cut their coats as they please. About one third of both sexes present, some of whom participated in the discussions, had no peculiarity of dress. Now and then a modern lady's hat in the midst of Quaker bonnets looked like a bunch of flowers in a potato-field. In some places young Quakers have sung in their religious meetings. Many of them seem to think they can fulfill their religious mission and



discard the peculiarities that have lost their significance. They adhere to the "plain language," thee and thou, with each other, but in their intercourse with the world many of them do not think it sin to address a single person as "you." Perhaps not more than one tenth of the men now wear their hats in their meetings, if they can find any other convenient place for them besides their heads.

They are a faithful, intelligent people. They have aided in teaching the Church some valuable lessons and whether their organization increases, or even abides many years more, or not, their spirit and their good works will never be forgotten.

#### WAIFS FROM THE CAMP-MEETINGS.

After being a camp-meeting carpet-bagger for a considerable time, I look back with pleasant memories to the five New England camp-meetings I have attended this year, every one of them having grown in grace and power since the last year's meeting. They were seasons of unusual success, and I have asked myself why.

The first reason seems to be, that in every case the opening days of the camp-meeting were devoted to the revival of the Church. Those who had kept back "part of the price," were led to a complete work of grace in their own hearts. Another striking influence was seen in the written requests for unconverted friends which were sent to the pulpits, their reading being followed by silent prayer. Others rose and mentioned sons, or husbands, or fathers who were unconverted, for whom they desired the prayers of Christians. These faithful efforts illustrated the text, "When Jesus saw their faith, he said to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee," that is, faith for others made these requests the means of great good.

Another secret of power was the unusual faithfulness of Christians in personal effort. When Philip was walking by the wayside, and the Spirit whispered, "Go and teach the eunuch," Philip "ran" and "preached unto him Jesus." So we saw with gratitude that Christians were willing to enlist in this wayside preaching, even with a carriage for a church, and a single hearer for a congregation. Many were thus gathered in for the Master. Jesus not only "saw their faith," but when they had brought their friends through the press and laid them at Jesus' feet, many heard the Master's words, — "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

In all of these meetings also we noticed a growing catholicity. Baptists, Congregationalists and others mingled their prayers and testimonies with ours, and in some cases filled the stand or conducted meetings. Thus the groves have been to many, of all denominations, "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Some came to our seaside as of old, for the "loaves and fishes" of Domestic Square; some came out of curiosity to see the "wonderful works," but many, when they saw His glory, "Came unto Him" with their hearts. Holmes, in one of his poems, speaks of two armies in the world, one with the motto, "Our mission is to slay," and the other with the watchword, "Our mission is to save."

The first army makes its battle array with ribbons and flowers on the bridge that leads to the new wharf; the other army may be found in the circle, with sweetest songs and earnest prayers endeavoring to "save" those whom they can reach.

At Hamilton there was a success no pen can describe, a comfort and peace we can never express. Willimanite also showed a great "hunger and thirst after righteousness," both on the part of Christians, and also of the unsaved. Of course they were "filled."

CALLENE FISK.

**THE MINISTER AT THE PUMP.**—Many years ago, a certain minister was going, one Sunday morning, to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I wanted you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he stooped down, and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:—

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man; "I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash them?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped; and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in a street of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"O!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you, and say that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and what I am at the present day."—*S. S. Workman.*

#### A BIT OF A BATTLE.

I've stood upon the parting deck  
Amid the horror of the wreck;  
I've struggled with the waves;  
I've headed our undaunted rank;  
On fields where unknown heroes sank  
Into unnoticed graves.

The wheat God gave for wholesome bread,  
I've seen it stained with deadly red;  
I've heard the women's cry  
In honest country kitchens, when  
We've come to lead away the men  
To conquer or to die.

I've never felt my spirit sink,  
Save once, when fighting on the brink  
Of Russia's northern sea;  
Within my range a striping came,  
And as I took my sudden aim,  
He turned and looked at me.

I heard a shriek—and then he fell—  
I felt as if I'd known him well,  
And shivered with surprise,  
Stung by a sudden, nameless pain,—  
Those other men whom I had slain,  
I had not met their eyes!

I saw him when the fight was done;  
Out in the playful summer sun,  
He lay as if he slept;  
His hand had fallen on his breast,  
Some blossoms fastened there it pressed,—  
I turned away and wept!

And all that night, and all the next,  
With troubled dreams my sleep was vexed,  
Which made my waking sad,  
How, in some village, still and cool,  
A little maiden in her school,  
Sat thinking of the lad.

And when to England we returned,  
And bells were rung and bonfires burned  
From Wight to Shetland Isle,  
I could have lain me down to moan,  
For those I'd made to sit alone,  
Forgetting how to smile.

Our kisses have made their quarrel up,  
And pass about their loving cup  
As friendly as can be!  
I wish they'd never fallen out,  
For then I should not dream about  
Those eyes that looked at me!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

"THE LAND OF THE HOLY CROSS." It was a pure Gospel faith that spoke that name. Not yet had the Tridentine Fathers expelled the living elements of the old Church Catholic, and organized the Church of Modern Popery. The Cross was still recognized in its true supremacy. The "One Mediator" had not yet been forgotten in the many; Mary had not yet eclipsed her Son. The Cross still shadowed forth the mercy of God and the hope of humanity.

Alas, that so much remains to be done before the full prophecy of our sacred name can reach its fulfillment! Think of the spurious Christianity, which, controlling schools and presses, political parties, and even whole republics, obstructs the progress of the truth among millions of our North, Middle, and South American populations. Think of the prevalence of infidelity, spiritualism, "paganism" and polygamic communism, secularism, and "free-religious" irreligion. Think of the millions of our foreign immigration, neglected, ignorant, vicious, pagan—every class represented, save that of wide awake Christian workers. Then think of those other millions of African freedmen, mutely appealing to the Church, not only for the Gospel, but also for bread, for schools, for homes. What a

world of missionary work there is to be done on this continent!

Finally, think of the fact that, though Christian banners wave over all this continent, it is still the home of heathen nations, nations with bloodier rites and superstitions than China, with grosser forms of worship and belief than Hindostan. It is astounding to what an extent the American Churches have forgotten this fact. In the popular Christian consciousness it has absolutely no place. My own first proper realization of it was gained by reading the reports of certain European missionaries who, in writing to their societies, habitually and most properly speak of large tracts and portions of our continent as "heathen lands." How seldom such an idea occurs to the average American Christian!

The story of the Indian Missions of our own Church ought to suffice, of itself, to remedy this disgraceful ignorance and apathy. It is a perfect romance. Cooper's novels cannot approach it in genuine fascination. The trouble is, the Church of to-day knows nothing of it. The generation just passed, or now passing from the stage, were familiar with it, but the present generation have never read or heard it. If any reader of these lines would like a genuine treat, such a one as he has not enjoyed for many a day, let him procure and read, first, Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," and then, remembering that the Huron nation, whose attempted Romanizing is there so tragically related, is the Wyandot tribe of the present, let him take up and carry forward the romantic story of their ultimate Christianizing in the pages of our Methodist histories of missions to the Wyandots.

With such an incalculable amount of work before us as a continent, many say we should limit our missionary labors to American fields. There is ever danger, no doubt, lest prosaic home duties and opportunities get overlooked in the Quixotic ambition to do something startling and grand in the ends of the earth. And yet, on the other hand, the dream of Christianizing the world by sections, as apparently held and advocated by some, is impracticable and delusive. The old isolation of the nations is at an end. Religion and morality must hereafter, like water, maintain about the same level the whole world round. The old differences of the nations are destined to become less and less with each year's progress of intercommunication and intermigration. It is useless to try to get one continent redeemed and Edenized before commencing on another. No world-sectarian, not even America, can have such honorable precedence. The human family is one, and whatever is done for any, is done for all. We can only work according to providential openings and leadings, leaving the strategy of our isolated movements to the infinite wisdom of the great Captain of our salvation, the King of kings and Lord of lords. So doing, our narrow human vision takes on the breadth of Faith, and down the long vista of the ages, we behold, far off yet nigh—running no longer across one virgin continent only, but now around the cross-crowned earth—the flaming legend:

LAND OF THE HOLY CROSS,  
DR. W. F. WARREN, in *The Mas. Adv.*

A preacher at a camp-meeting out West put this pointed illustration into his sermon, according to the *Western's Correspondent*. Being invited to preach, his discourse turned upon the affectionate regard of Naaman for the land where he was cleansed from his leprosy. Alluding to Naaman's request to be permitted to take two mule-loads of the earth back to his own country, he naturally enough resorted to his own conversion. Warning with his subject, he remarked, that if he could go back to Old England, he could point out the spot where he knelt when he was converted. "And," said he, "I have often felt like Naaman! If I could just get two pints of that dirt from the spot where I knelt, I wouldn't give it for all that I have eaten at the boarding-tent since I came upon this ground!" If the brother did it unintentionally, we'll forgive him; but to wantonly put so much clerical dignity, not to mention clerical buttons, in jeopardy at a single sitting, is more than can be tamely submitted to.

At the same meeting this incident was told:—

The meeting of Rev. L. F. Van Cleave with brother George B. Hardy and wife, of Springfield, Illinois, on our camp-ground brought to light an item of personal history with enough of the marvelous in it to "adorn a tale," besides a fair sprinkling of the element needful to "point a moral."

Years ago brother and sister Hardy lived on Dry Fork, near New Haven, in Hamilton county, Ohio. Here brother Van Cleave, then a rugged, not overly promising boy, united with the Methodist Church. Such had been his former surroundings that when it came to receiving the ordinance of baptism, the boy found himself a little confused as to the mode, but after carefully weighing the matter, he finally determined to kneel in the water and have it poured upon him. When the day came a crowd gathered to witness the ceremony. Among the crowd gathered on the opposite bank of the creek, was a man who took occasion to express to those around him his disapproval of the whole scheme of taking children into the church, and in particular such a boy as that. As the crowd were dispersing he stooped down, and sticking a willow riding-switch into the ground, he exclaimed aloud, "When that switch dies, Lafayette Van Cleave's religion will be dead too." Strange to say, the unpromising switch took root, and grew vigorously, and is now a large and flourishing tree! The boy grew too, and although now "the frost that never melts" shows here and there among his locks, I miss my guess if he is done growing yet as a Christian and a minister. From the parent "trunk" another "tree" has just been planted in the ministerial field, and those who "rise up and call him blessed" are legion! Truly this evil prophet said more than he meant, when he planted that memorial tree! When tree, and brook, and earth, and all are passed away, Lafayette Van Cleave shall "flourish in the courts of our God."



## For the Children.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:  
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray;  
But success is secure, unless energy fails,  
And at length he produced the philosopher's scales.  
What were they? you ask: you shall presently see,  
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;  
O no — for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;  
Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.  
Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go —  
All which some examples more clearly will show.  
The first thing he weigh'd was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;  
As a weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of his cell.  
One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
And a garment that Dumas had made for a weight;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.  
A long row of almshouses, amply endowed,  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded one scale, while the other was press'd  
By those mites the poor widow threw into the chest;  
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.  
Again he performed an experiment rare:  
A monk with austerities, bleeding and bare,  
Climb'd into his scale — in the other was laid  
The heart of a Howard, now partly decayed;  
When he found with surprise that the whole of his brother  
Weighed less by some pounds than the bit of the other.  
By other experiments (no matter how),  
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than a plough;  
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a tennypenny nail.  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear;  
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light in the opposite scale;  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, ten courtiers, one earl,  
Ten councillors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,  
Weigh'd less than a few grains of candor and sense;  
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt.  
Yet no mountains of silver and gold would suffice  
One pearl to outweigh 'twas the pearl of great price.  
Last of all the whole world was bowl'd in at the gate,  
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;  
When the scale with the soul so mightily fell,  
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

## A DARK DAY WITH SOME LIGHT.

The first sound that I was conscious of hearing upon awaking in the early morning was the reveille at the Navy Yard. What a train of associations did that bring up! Always sweet bugle, what dost thou say now? — Next I was startled by a rush into my room, and the announcement that one whom we all knew and revered, was murdered. After the exclamations which full hearts could make over the cruel death of one whom we loved with no ordinary love, I prepared to go out on errands of necessity for common existence. As I entered a place of business, I heard the announcement made to the employees that their employer had fallen down dead. Such exclamations as they made I had never heard, and I have ever since been at a loss how to interpret some of them. Said one, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, "Glory be to God," "Glory be to God!" and yet I had reason to believe that these same persons deeply deplored the death which called forth these exclamations. What sentiment these words, contrasted with such mournful looks and gestures, were intended to embody, I could not conceive. It must have been the mingling of the greatest awe with an effort at the greatest resignation to the Divine decree which had cut short a mortal life so valuable to them; for probably, in these trying times, their very existence seemed to hang upon the employment which the deceased had given them. But to one uninitiated in the manners of these people, it would seem by their manifestations that a tyrant had been removed by death, and that his place was sure to be filled by a guardian of their interests. I went from this scene perfectly absorbed in thought upon the varieties of expression as well as experience going on at the same time among mortals in this embryo state of existence. As I was walking along absorbed in these reflections, I came into an unpleasant part of the great city, and before I was aware of it, was passing the jail. There stood that horrible cart which had just brought new inmates to that place of confinement; and there stood also an open cart, which men were loading with heavy coffins that four men could hardly carry. Some contagious disease had been there, which had ended the miserable career of several of them at once. Just as I got opposite this shocking place, a poor fear-stricken creature — an old person — sought shelter between me and the street fence; crouching along and keeping pace with me as I walked (slowly for her sake), saying, "God have mercy!" — "God have mercy!" I could not gather from her appearance

whether she had once been an inmate of that horrid place, and feared it again; or whether it was sympathy for sufferers on her own level who had been overcome with the temptation to crime, which so agitated her whole being; but I said to myself there is worthy feeling under the most forbidding exterior, and who can tell how worthy it is, but the great Creator? A little farther on, a child just turned out of doors and crying bitterly, arrested my attention. There she stood shivering in the cold wind and dampness, begging to get in again. Upon applying at the door for her, I found that an angry and probably a half-intoxicated father had turned her out — a tender child of about four years. It reminded me of what I heard a person of great observation say, many years ago, that "among the sufferers of the human race, children bear the greatest proportion," helpless and without redress. — By the time I had arrived at my dining-place, I had enough of the sorrows of the world in my mind to make dinner seem forbidden to be enjoyed or digested. However, this was not to be the last of the darkness of the day. After dinner I was invited to go with some persons who were to attend the funeral of a young man, suddenly cut off from the expectations of earth. Here was the widowed mother and grown-up sister consigning the only son and brother to the dust. To be sure he had not fulfilled their expectations in life, but he was improving; and the young men of the Christian Association had the care of him in life and in death. A noble band of them, which nearly filled a large church, formed a procession, "following" him to the sacred enclosure where all that was of earth was to rest with earth. — My next scene was a prayer-meeting in the evening, where Christians were drawing nearer and nearer to their God in strong supplication and tears; where "penitents" were kneeling at the altar, asking for mercy. Under this sacred and soothing influence I retired to my room, thanking Heaven that there is a cure for every malady which sin has made, and a balm for every wound which sinners have made upon others. While bidding my mind rest from the excitements of the day, and be comforted in God, both for myself and others, I heard the sound of music and dancing. They are seeking joys which will prove to be insufficient alleviations, said I to myself; but never fear; they will find it out before long, I hope, and learn sometimes to draw from a higher fountain. So that day closed. It was but one of the days of this life which is so intermixed; but it seemed to have an unusual variety of the sad and sorrowful, for one day. The varieties of joy for a day do not surprise us; but of sorrow, they do. Why should they? Because we were made for better things, and we are always surprised at being adjusted to this fallen state. Heaven help us to get well out of it when our probation in it has secured its designed results.

E. W. T.

## THE LITTLE LAMB.

BY C. F. W.

The home is empty now, the flower that blossomed in the spring-time, hardly waited for the summer's heat. We loved him so much that we would have kept the pure spirit until it became tarnished by worldly ambition, dimmed by grief, or worn with care.

We thought, in our proud strength, that we could teach him to climb the mountain so that he should succeed as no other had done; that in no way could we so well atone for our mistakes and errors as by teaching our own to shun the path in which we had hitherto walked. That life was too short, now that we had a precious soul intrusted to our care, to teach him all we would have him know of wisdom's ways. With what full hearts we thanked God for the unspeakable joy the child brought us, and how firmly we resolved that our lives should be pure, noble, and godly, that he might safely follow in the footsteps of his parents!

But the bright anticipations, the hopes, the great desires of life are dead with the little one who sleeps in the grave, over which the children's ones weep tears that do not ease the heart, but make the dull pain deeper. He could not pass through the tangled wild of life; he turned his eyes from this darkness to the light, and, like Samuel, is early found in the Temple.

The first message that came to us was, "Children, I pray you that like Hannah of old, you give your child to the Lord." And O, we have. When we prayed "Father, what shall we render Thee for thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?" we did not dream that He required of us just this best gift. Our rebellious hearts hardly make it a willing offering, even when we realize that the dear Shepherd has taken him in His arms and carries him in His bosom. It is lonely here, but we will try and rejoice as did the friend of the holy Rutherford, whose child had been transplanted, because "something of us is in heaven besides the flesh of our exalted Saviour," and we will go on after our own. Rejoice, even when sorrowing, that he is listening to the voice of the blessed Jesus, and that from henceforth he will be a messenger of love between our hearts and heaven. How anxious we are to gain heaven! We shall never teach the little one; instead, he will show us the glories of his life and home.

How soon will that time come? The road is short, the rest is long.

Wohlauf! wohlauf! zum letzten Sang,  
Kurg in der Weg, die Ruhe ist lang.

## FROM HERE AND THERE.

Dead locks — chignons.

A head wind — a sneeze.

Utah has clover six feet high.

A deer country — A stagnation.

A green grocer — One who trusts.

John Randolph said: — To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, guarding it from pollution which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown — for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary tastes can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but he must have a bosom friend, and children around him to support the dreariness of old age.

This is her picture as she was;  
It seemed a thing to wonder on,  
As though mine tongue in the glass  
Should tarry when myself am gone.

An eminent Roman ecclesiastic was in the habit of beginning every argument by saying, "I make a distinction." A Cardinal, knowing his peculiarity, once asked him at a large party: "Do you think it is lawful to baptize with soup?" "I make a distinction," replied the priest. "If your eminence means *bona fide* soup, I should say no; but if you mean this present mixture, I should say yes, as there is no perceptible difference between it and water."

Rev. Mr. B., an eccentric Connecticut minister of two generations ago, met Rev. Mr. S., one Sabbath morning, as they were on the way for an exchange. Said the latter, "My mother-in-law is failing, and will probably request the prayers of the church, in which I would unite." Between services, Mr. B. went to see the old lady. He asked whether she would like to have prayer for her recovery. "No; why should I? I have lived out my days, and want to get home." That afternoon the congregation was astounded with the following "notice": Mrs. P. desires the prayers of this church that she may die. Her son-in-law, Rev. P. S., unites in the request.

The Rev. Dr. Wines, now of New York, whose fame in the department of social science is everywhere recognized, was formerly Regent of the University of St. Louis. Among the under-teachers was one named Butler, whose belief in the exercise of the rod was more implicit than would suit the ideas of non-resistants, and who carried his faith into corresponding frequency of exercises. He had occasion at one time to apply Solomon's panacea to a young offender, who took his revenge as follows: On the next morning there was found facing the passage leading to the university a large placard, bearing an unmistakable drawing of the building, the windows being garnished with a display of bottles, such as is seen in a country grocery, and over the door the sign, —

WINES  
AND OTHER LICKERS.

Harper.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 23.

"Ocean."

## INAUGURAL DISCOURSE.

OF REV. DR. LATIMER, PROFESSOR OF HISTORIC THEOLOGY IN THE BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, AT THE ASSOCIATION HALL, SEPT. 27, 1870.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, Associates of the Faculty, Students, Patrons, and Friends of the Seminary:

It is not far from a year since that I stood in the Aula of the University of Leipzig, to witness the induction into office of the new Rector of the University.

Everything that form and ceremony could contribute to magnify the occasion, was brought into requisition; and time-honored usages of centuries long past were again repeated, as often before. The Medical Faculty were clad in scarlet robes, the Jurists in purple, the Philosophers in blue, and the Theologians in black — flanking on the right and left the Dais, on which sat the retiring officer, and he for whom all this parade was made. Grave officials, tricked out with gaudy robes, and with all the customary insignia of office, performed their parts, and the halls of the University seemed given up to a military parade. Such a scene strikes the American citizen, as he wanders through the Old World, as strange indeed, though he cannot help being moved by such academic parade, of no account in itself, but yet venerable through ancient usage.

The stern simplicity which, in our country, is manifest on public occasions, and especially the absence of European etiquette from memorial scenes in scholastic life in America, are really far more significant and far more impressive to the true scholar than the glittering tinsel and the pompous show of the Universities of the Old World.

I stand before you to-day to speak a few words appropriate to the occasion that calls us together, and as introductory to the work you have assigned me. In the absence of all parade, without scarlet and gold and ancient forms, amid the simplicity that characterizes such occasions, I yet am deeply sensible of the significance of the hour, and of the importance of the trust you have imposed upon me. From Leipzig and its showy spectacles, where I was but an idle spectator, I turn to the republican simplicity of this important occasion, in cultured New England, in the famous city of Boston, in this oldest and best of our Methodist Schools of Theology, at this hour, and on this inauguration day, *quorum pars magna sum*, and confess myself to be deeply moved.

I hardly need to say that I thank the guardians of this institution for the confidence shown towards me, and the high compliment paid in selecting me, from so many worthy men, for a post whose successful occupation will command any man's utmost powers.

I think I fully realize what the chair of Historic Theology demands. The field is broad, and seems actually limitless. All secular history may be made tributary to this department. All philosophy pours in its mighty contribution to this great ocean. Art and its history illustrate, in a thousand ways, Christian life and Christian doctrine. That man who thinks it an easy work to prepare for the chair of Church History, as one of our prominent men in the Church suggested to me a few weeks since, saying that any minister of ordinary reading could speedily fit himself for this work, has no adequate notion of the scope and the aim of Church History. What an



played for life the head and heart of Neander and Gleaser and Baur, is surely no science made easy for retired clergymen, whose day of usefulness elsewhere has departed. What Paganini said of the violin and its mastery, nine hours a day for nine years, may serve as hint for the Church historian.

History is at last a science. It has left the stand-point once occupied, having a wider view, and being more secure than ever before. The first condition and form of history was that of a chronicle, childlike and free. The old father of history in ancient Greece, and Froissart, in modern times, were historians of the primitive stage. Then comes the reflective type—comparison is instituted—criticism is practiced—the materials are arranged in fitting juxtaposition—motives are suggested, and system is approximated.

The climax on this stage is reached in what has been called the pragmatic method. Facts are presented in relation to causes and consequences—and yet the construction is determined rather by the subjective opinions and the character of the individual historian, than by the faithful interpretation of the facts of history, and the plan that underlies. Such is the pragmatic method as pursued by Planché, the teacher of Neander, and, until he showed a better way, the highest form of the history of the Church.

The climax, the crowning type of historic writing, is the philosophic. It contemplates history as the display of Divine Providence. It scans closely that it may divine the idea that underlies the myriad facts of the world's career. It makes the most sublime generalizations, and follows along the track of God, whose footprints may be traced amid the wastes of history. It not only believes in progress, but it demonstrates the same. It not only claims the advancement of the race, but points to the epochs of progression. It counts the strokes of the world-clock, as the hours roll on. In fine, the climax word of philosophic history is Development.

The true, not to say Christian philosophy of history, asserts historic germs, implanted in the soil of human life, susceptible of limitless growth and watched over by the Divine Gardener. It asserts, on the one hand, the value of development, as against the declaration that history is a mere treadmill round; and, on the other hand, traces the plan of history to the consciousness and the thought of God, and not to a blind, instinctive force, whether called imminent aim or world-soul. It claims that the productive force of history is one and self-moving, and identical in substance through all the shifting panorama of phenomena. It insists that, while nature is the realm of necessity, history is the field of freedom. It asserts that the final end of history is reason, is freedom, is rational self-consciousness. It emphasizes the fact that God is not mistaken in His plans—is never thwarted in His ultimate purposes—is working, it is true, on the scale of centuries, but yet is sure of the end. Philosophy beckons to Poetry, and she, the laurel-crowned, sings with Schiller, in *German grand*, "The history of the world is the judgment of the world." History shows us, in the frame of the centuries, what Michael Angelo shows us on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome,—that every deed ultimately brings fitting punishment or reward. In one word, a true philosophy of history is a vindication of the ways of God—a true theology.

All history tends to this end. The old distinction of sacred and profane, or even of sacred and secular, cannot be maintained in all strictness. History may deal with the secular—with every-day events—with the common places of life. But it is nevertheless sacred. It is sacred, because it narrates how God overrules all things to the accomplishment of His plan—sacred, because the instructed eye each epoch is prophetic of those to come—sacred, because the teleology of history is contributive to the march of Providence. Thus the distinction drawn by Spinoza between secular and Church history is too broad in its outlines. Ordinary history, according to him, is the record of deterioration, of descent; Church history, on the contrary, is the record of improvement, of ascent. Is not secular and civil history the record of Divine Providence, and does not God guide events even here? On the other hand, Church history, while the treasury of the ascension of the Divine, and ever pointing to the haven of Divine grace, does yet often travel along the level of secular history, while these who profess to be led by the Spirit of God, do often show themselves to be under the influence of the foe of God and man.

It is often objected to the modern historic method that it is *a priori*, and thus arbitrary in its procedure. It is often so interpreted, as if it neglected facts, and turned its back upon experience. Nothing can be more unjust than such a construction. It is *a priori* in its principles, but a *posteriori* in its verification. It does not proceed in the high-handed way that is claimed, spinning out its ideal theories from the brain of the individual thinker. Its sweep, it is true, is in a mighty arc; but as Antinous touched the earth, and thus recovered his strength, so the historic method orients itself in the region of fact—it is bottomed on experience. As Rothe says of speculative theology, "It must regard nothing but the claims of thought, know of no other authority save that of logic and dialectics, but then bring its finished work before the Judgment-seat of the Bible, and submit itself unobscuringly to the same." So we assert of historic method that it follows to the end its own laws, and then tests its constructions at the last by experience and actual history. Hence the unreconcilableness of those who challenge the philosophy of history, and cry out with Jews, "Give us a test of your agency, and prophesy to us a fact in the immediate future"—to whom we would answer in the words of Dr. Gans, in the Preface to Hegel's "Philosophy of History," "The author claims not to be a God, who creates history, but a man who observes that which is created, and rational, and rich in ideas."

Historic theology is closely related to philosophy, its development, and its ultimate principles. The two studies cross each other at every turn. The historian must be thoroughly grounded in the results of philosophy.

It is considered one of the most damaging objections to philosophy that it deals in abstractions. Granted; but not in abstractions alone. We abstract, for the sake of simplicity. We strip off the drapery, that we may reach the nucleus—the substance within. But we do not rest in abstractions. The true philosopher grasps them together concretely, comprehends them as they exist in the real world, and thus only hopes to interpret them rightly. Philosophy deals with such abstractions as Being, Quality, Limit, Phenomenon, Substance, Causality, Life, and by abstraction shows their meaning and relations.

But I hear another objector say philosophic speculation is endless and variegated—the same questions emerge age after age—it is ever the turning of the same kaleidoscope—in fine, your boasted science is an eternal round, and the philosopher of to-day is no further on, no surer of his data, than in ancient times.

That the great questions of Life, and Duty, and Knowledge were asked in Greece 2,500 years ago, is no wonder,—for their solution is necessary to the well of man. Many—yes, most of them—were not ripe for solution then; and the ages since have been giving answers more and more clear. Besides, every age must answer these questions for itself, both by original research and by appropriation of the past, thus meeting its own special and pressing wants. Every achievement of thought, every sure answer to the questions made by a preceding age, enters into the world's thought, and lifts posterity to the shoulder of those who have gone before. Anaxagoras enumerated the great thought of the *Nous*, or the Divine mind, and philosophy has never lost sight of it since. Plato pointed towards the Archetypes of Being in the Divine who rules the whole, as he built it on this ideal plan; and since him, Philosophy has been searching for the footprints of God. In Aristotle philosophy placed firm foot in the actual, and established for ever the norm of speculation, which is, that the ideal is true only as it is real; and, on the contrary, the real only as it is ideal. Descartes showed the world that self-consciousness is the beginning, and ultimately the criterion of philosophic thought, and thus became the father of modern philosophy.

Spinoza's Outcome is not at all satisfactory, yet his great work has been wrought into every succeeding system. Locke rebuked a one-sided idealism; and Hume's criticism of the doctrine of cause has, by further limitations, put this category in its true relation. Leibnitz's doctrine of the Monad and

the preestablished harmony must be wrought into every adequate system; and even Berkeley contributes his share to the rising temple of philosophy. Kant is the acknowledged terminus a quo of the latest systems, and all future researches must trace in the channels he has opened. Fichte, building on the foundation of Kant, set forth the dignity of man, the autonomy of the individual, and the glory of his freedom. Schelling oscillated back to the objective, ascribing all glory to Nature and her inexorable laws. Hegel built up on the constructive side of Kant, and builded wiser than the sage of Königsberg ever knew. Whatever we may think of his system, however much we may deprecate his exaggeration of law as over against the individual, it nevertheless remains true that Hegel's logic furnishes the most profound study of the categories, and he remains to date the last of the Titans—the last, great, original, epoch-making philosopher.

Strange and unexpected coincidences, too, show that philosophy is not arbitrary, but dialectic necessity marks its steps. That aspect of Providence which we call the progress of philosophy is the ever-growing consciousness of human thought of its own cunning skill, and its millennial aim. You would hardly expect to find any point of contact between Hegel and Herbert Spencer; and yet there is one which Everett declares to be the most striking in the whole history of thought. Hegel begins with Being, indeterminate and colorless—so that his famous dictum, "Being and nothing are the same," is true in the sense which he attaches to it. He asserts, thereby, there is nothing therein, and yet the possibility of everything is there. So, according to him, thought moves on by its necessary laws, from the more to the less abstract, until the actual world in which we live is presented in terms of thought.

Spencer gives, as the result of all his inductions and comparisons, the law of Evolution, which he states thus: "The change from an indeterminate uniformity to a determinate multifariousness, which we see everywhere going on, which has been going on from the first, and which will continue to go on." They thus reach the same goal. Hegel deals with thought, Spencer with things. Hegel looks into the human mind, Spencer into the outer world. Yet the result is the same, and is, as Everett further declares, like a tunnel rent in from opposite sides of a mountain, whose shaft meets midway of the gane.

No! Philosophy is not the treadmill round—not a dipping up of water in the Seine of the Danaides. Every century stands alone in the preceding. Every intellectual achievement, every real acquisition, enters into the philosophic thought of the present or of future ages. The outcome, the central thought of every great system, enters into the true philosophy of every age, or will at some period in the immediate future. Thus every stage of philosophic thought, and consciousness contains potentially all the preceding, and stored away in the shaft of the human spirit are hidden all the grand epochs of the ages past.

How we can rank men and systems by a word, and give, in a nutshell, the results of a philosopher's life! Pythagoras—his synonyme is Harmony, or the Cosmos—Plato, the Idea—Aristotle, the Soul, or Life.

Then in modern times Descartes is Self-consciousness—Spinoza, Substance—Leibnitz, the Monad—Hume, Causality—Kant, Reciprocity or Organism—Fichte, the Ego—Schelling, Identity of Spirit and Nature—and Hegel, the Self-moving and All-moving Idea. All these outcomes have their part in a true system, and will be organized into the true system of every age. In one word, philosophy reaches after fundamental truth, and men wander about in its mazes, and lose their way, because it is the very Realm of Shades, and because they have not in hand the clew which will guide them through the labyrinth.

In the second part of Goethe's "Faust," which has been called "the Divine Comedy of Germany," when the hero demands that Mephistopheles shall walk from the past, and bring him in contact with the Greek Helen, the demon answers him that there is but one way. "Goddess," chants he, "enthroned in solitude, sublime—around them no place—these, too, is no time—to speak of them is perplexity itself—they are the mothers." "Mothers," cries Faust, "frightful, whether the way?" Mephistopheles answers, "There is no way—into the past, and not to be trodden—a way into the Inexorable, which supplication cannot reach. Nothing shall thou see in the eternally empty distance. Even thy step thou shalt not hear as thou stridest on, and find nothing firm when thou makest halt." What is all this but a poetic, symbolic representation of the world of pure thought—the realm of eternal Ideas—the shadow-world of abstraction, which yet need only the flash and blood of material existence to lift them to the actualities of the world around and within us.

It is the Idea-world of Plato—the "first philosophy" of Aristotle. It is, in the worst of a bold thinker, which have been charged upon him as irrelevant, and yet were never so designed. "This content is the representation of God, as He is in His eternal essence before the creation of Nature, and a single finite Spirit." It is the same thought that occurs in Proverbs, where wisdom is hypostasized, and cries out, "Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." And, finally, it is the same thought which the devout Kepler breathed forth in highest rapture, when, as the three great laws of astronomic motion were revealed to his piercing gaze, he cried out in rapt devotion, and his utterance was a prayer for more light, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

To him, then, who is earnest in pursuit of truth, and obediently follows the inner light, the great verities of thought and being will unfold themselves. Old systems will ever become effete, and new systems will ever spring up. The widening consciousness of the race will embrace a wider field than was open to the ages before, and will touch profounder depths of the human mind. A ready-made system, which shall answer our needs of to-day and for centuries hence, is an impossibility—for the last man will be the last philosopher.

All this special discussion of the action of philosophy is not foreign to the topic in hand to-day. Church History has been determined often in great measure by the history of philosophy. The march of philosophic thought has at times been parallel with that of religious thought—often it has led it—always it has affected it for good or for evil. The history of doctrine, so important a province of historic theology, bears the most intimate relation to the intellectual history of the world. At some epochs, the distinction between the two is hardly more than in name. The fathers of the Church were the philosophers of the world as well. Plato charmed them by his melody, and led them along the flowery paths his genius had made. In the Middle Age, theology and philosophy struggled indelicately for the mastery, and Aristotle ruled the schoolmen with an iron hand across fifteen centuries.

We claim as a prime excellence of the Methodist type of doctrine, that it is cast in the mould of freedom, and conserves the right and the dignity of the individual. Philosophy vindicates the truth of our system, and shows the thought of human spontaneity—of human freedom ever emerging from the surge of doctrine to demand its right. A true psychology is a valid theology—and the Methodist theology is impregnable to the assaults of a fast and loose liberalism, or of a dogmatic infidelity.

It is significant, that the attacks against evangelical Christianity that come from modern liberalism scarce ever strike the shield of the Wesleyan doctrine. The severity of God, and the utter impotence of man, doctrine and inference connected more or less remotely with the orthodox faith, technically so called, cannot be charged upon us. So I say it is significant, that when Unitarianism writes up an indictment against the Christian Church, it always pictures Calvinism in its bleakest form, as if there were no other type of Christian doctrine in the world, as if all Christians hailed to the "decretum horrible."

We would inform the Illuminati of New England that the largest body of Christians in the United States are not touched by the assaults of their sect; that God's ways toward man are vindicated in the assertion we make of ultimate freedom of the individual, whereby the latter holds his destiny in his own hand; and lastly, that Philosophy in its diabolical and in its history can't the truth of the Methodist anthropology.

There is one field of doctrine history, trodden hard by the multitudinous feet that have tramped over it, and which commands itself to the Methodist historian with especial favor. From time immemorial the fathers of the Church have been given over to Calvinism. Writers of the necessitarian School, whether in philosophy or in theology, have interpreted the fathers as on their side, and I believe, have distorted and exaggerated their opinions in the interest of this doctrine. Augustine, of course, is wholly monopolized thus, and some of the later American writers on the history of doctrine, have gone to the very verge of wilful perversion of the sentiments of the Bishop of Hippo.

The truth of the matter is this: The great anthem of Freedom and determinism—of chance and necessity—of spontaneity and law, runs through every age and emerges in every century. The consistent advocate of human freedom will find this side of the antagonism concerned at most epochs—while the advocate of the unqualified Divine sovereignty will behold this side emphasized to the exclusion of the other.

As in other fields, so here, binomial truths offer themselves, and the equation is ineluctable with one factor alone. Another field and one less rich in precious ore, but only worked with any skill in quite recent times, is the theology and the philosophy of the schoolmen. It has been reserved to the philosophers of the last great intellectual movement in Germany to estimate fairly Aristotle and give a new impulse to the study of this great mind. The same thought-movement has taken away the cloud from the schoolmen, and opened up their profound depths to the world. Their work has been well compared to the cathedrals of the Middle Age, whose foundations are far beneath the earth, and whose spires pierce the clouds of heaven. We have been wont in Church history to spend our time unduly amid the Gothic systems of the first ages, and skim over medieval times from Anselm to the Reformation, as with averted face and with hasty tread. Smiler says well, and the saying is not yet antiquated, "The poor schoolmen have been compelled to submit to scorn from those who could not have served them as copyists."

Secular history brings in manifold ways its contributions to the chair I am to assume, and often it is impossible to separate the departments so linked together. Says Lydell in his Hampton Lectures, "Such is Christ's place in history, that a line of demarcation between its civil and its ecclesiastical elements seems to be practically impossible; your ecclesiastical historians are prone to range over the annals of the world, while your professors of secular history habitually deal with the central problems and interests of theology."

Surely the lessons of the history of the last decade and that of the immediate present are as profitable to contemplate as any of the past, and will be wrought into the fabric of the Church history of the future. Within the decade, America has verified her proud boast of freedom to all, and wiped out that foul blot on her national honor. This great event seemed to spring from natural causes, and men tell us what were the immediate and what were the remote causes of the same. Yet God's hand was in this new Exodus, in these modern days, out of Egypt; just as verily as when He poured out the ten plagues of wrath upon the Pharaoh of the Nile. Even the pampered politicians stood back aghast and acknowledged, it is not more picturesque to talk of "God in history."

It was but yesterday that a proud Emperor, seemingly beyond the reach of disaster, and with boundless resources at command, saw his empire slip from his grasp, and his army obliged to pass beneath the German yoke. Nineteen years ago the usurper destroyed the liberties of France and restored the Empire. What a pitiful comment on kingship, and what a Nemesis for his gigantic crimes, was that morning which beheld the nephew of the great uncle creeping from before Sedan to the quarters of Bismarck, covering for fear of his own soldiers, and giving away his empire in the weaver's hut at Versailles.

And, lastly, we see the end of the temporal power of the Pope, effected by a bloodless revolution. The Papal sway sweeps through the centuries from 756 to 1870. But it is no more. Pius IX. gave the first intimation to Stephen II. The papal power increased with every century. It has dictated to princes and kicked the crown from the heads of Emperors who stooped to kiss the Papal toe. But it is no more. "The mouth speaking great things and blasphemies" has been permitted to utter its crowning blasphemy, and put the climax to its astounding folly. The words have scarce died away, and to the last echoes of this vast usurpation is gone—taken away by the hands of Emmanuel. We accept the omen, and acknowledge the hand of Christ, who is to overturn until the way is prepared for His final reign.

When one is called to a new field of labor, he is likely to regret that he has left so many fields unexplored, and has not used all the opportunities offered him for special preparation. So in coming to take the chair of Historic Theology, I look back regretfully to a year spent in Europe, amid which were many privileges in this direction left unimproved. Banks in Berlin, and Fricke in Leipzig, and D'Aubigne in Geneva, were passed by for other men in other departments which then occupied my attention. Yet I was not wholly oblivious of the department which is now to occupy my attention and swallow up my time.

For more than half a century I daily listened with a hundred others to the eloquent and poetic Dr. Dittmar as he discoursed on Old Testament History, and was one of the ten who heard the rapidly delivered and unsatisfactory lectures of Tischendorf, on the Life of Jesus.

Years before this, however, in the library of the Baptist Theological Seminary, in the city of Rochester, and amid the very books that greet the study of the great Neander, I was receiving an impulse in this direction, and a baptism for my present work. Those 4,000 volumes came the working tools of the German historian, in the city of Berlin, rich in patristic lore and the sources of Church History—marked along the margin by Neander's own hand, and those three or four volumes of his manuscript lectures, illegible forever to the uninitiated—many an hour have I spent among them and drank in inspiration at every pore.

So, too, in the Dorothea Churchyard, in the city of Berlin, I sought out Neander's grave, and stood above David Mendel's dust. Through the latticed door before me was the tomb of Mendelssohn, wreathed with immortelles, and at my feet the simple tomb of the immortal dead. On the upright marble slab is sculptured, as is usual in Germany, the relief bust of the departed one, and beneath is written those words of Holy Scripture, "Now we see through a glass darkly," words so appropriate to the room and unguiney casket of flesh that enshrined the pure and precious spirit. At the side of his grave is the tomb of that devoted sister who watched over her cotidian brother till death, and soon wasted away, to join, in the blessed home above, him to whom her soul clung in life and in death. Long I stood there and moved upon his life wrought so well, and wandered slowly back to the busy street, not then, nor ever since, forgetting the ministrations of that sacred hour.

But I have already tramped too long on your patience. One more thought, and I will close. The discord that prevails at present in the world of thought and the tension of spirits cannot endure forever. The skies will clear up. The murky fogs will vanish before the sun. Even the worst types of infidelity give us some ground for hope that men have reached the lowest deep of doubt, and must rise by the rebound. Neander asserts in the preface to his "Life of Jesus," that "we stand between the old world and a new one to be called into being by the ever old and ever new Gospel. For the fourth time Christianity is preparing a new epoch in the life of humanity." I believe it profoundly. The old feud of Religion and Science, of faith and knowledge, is to be settled, and the higher unity of both formed in man's nature. May the chair which I assume contribute its part to inaugurate this golden age, grander than ever past dreamed or prophesied. On it be inscribed "For Christ and His Church." And may this whole foundation, this noble Theological Seminary, contribute largely to this rising temple, that shall fill the world with its glory, the temple of believing science and of intelligent faith.



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## PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

For nearly fifty years THE HERALD has lifted up its voice in defense of Christ and Him crucified, in all His claims of sovereignty, and all His gifts of salvation. It has urged His truth upon the individual heart, upon the Church, society, and the nation. It has rejoiced in the abatement of many evils that then existed, and the suppression of the most enormous of them all. It has seen the cause of liberty prevail in this land, and make great progress in other lands. It has aided in the rise and progress of the temperance cause, advancing from private and personal and local efforts to overcome the vicious habit of drinking poisons as a beverage, until it fashions itself into prohibitory statutes and prohibitory political power. It has especially contended for the faith as it is in Christ Jesus in its regenerative power on the believing heart. It has seen the growth of this truth as preached and organized in the Methodist Episcopal Church from an obscure and opposed sect, to a powerful and popular Church. It has participated in this work and victory. No Methodist but recognize the great help afforded the Church by THE HERALD in this glorious service. The aged members recall the days when it stood forth against such a presentation of the Gospel as paralyzed all human agency in the work of redemption, when decrees were substituted for duties, and sovereignty for salvation. They rejoiced in the strong and faithful words in its columns against these errors, and against their natural offspring, the immediate and unconditional salvation of all men at death. Merriitt, Fisk, Crandall, Scott, Hedding, Sabin, Pickering and others, wielded the sword of the Spirit in its pages in defense of man's liberty to accept and to reject the great salvation, and in defense of the fullness and freedom of the grace of God.

Ever since has it abode faithful to all the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It has not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear. It has grappled with the evils about it, not those that lie dead in the past.

It will continue in this work. To-day there are sins afflicting us. Errors rampant and ruinous abound. Against them, by the help of God, THE HERALD will sound the trumpet in Zion. The terrible delusions of spiritualism and free religion, with their utter and abominable contempt for our Lord and His Gospel; the deception of future probation, and temporary future punishment; the light and loose views on the divinity of God's Word, Son, and Spirit; the pretensions of an infallible Pope to guide the mind and conscience of the Church, to control legislation, to direct the State, these current and fatal errors will not fail of examination in its columns. The opposite truths will also be steadfastly advocated. The divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; His sacrifice of Himself for the sins of man; the utter and incurable disease of the human soul, out of Christ, and only refuge in His grace; the necessity of securing this hope set before us in the Scriptures, while in our earthly period; the fullness of this grace and love in the possible experience of every disciple; the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, under whom we dwell, and by whom we are aided in working out our salvation with fear and trembling; the infallible Word of God, our only constitution, the light that shineth in a dark place, these and their kindred truths essential to our redemption and to the inheritance of everlasting life, will be firmly and faithfully advocated.

in THE HERALD in the year to come, as they have in all the years that it has flourished.

It will none the less be faithful to the Church that has so steadily supported it. That Church it has aided by the many good words of brethren and sisters for two generations in its progress; it rejoices in its prosperity, and will strive to make it more pure and powerful. It will defend its usages and doctrines, not in a slavish spirit, but in the confidence that reason gives, no less than faith; not in a partisan and exclusive spirit, but in charity to every other Church that is founded on the Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. It has given large space to its reports and record the past year. It will be more full of such matter the year to come.

We take pleasure in commending the editorial and other contributions from our brethren and sisters. They have been abundant and excellent the year that is past. We can assure our readers that they will not be less so the coming year. No one of our Church papers has so many editorial contributors from our own ranks as THE HERALD. Among those who have enriched their columns the past year are Rev. David Sherman, Rev. A. J. Church, Rev. L. D. Barrows, Rev. D. A. Whedon, Rev. E. A. Helmershausen, Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Rev. J. O. Thompson, Rev. T. L. Flagg, Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, Rev. H. O. Hoffman, Rev. George Prentice, Rev. R. W. Allen, Rev. L. D. Bentley, Rev. W. F. Lacount, Rev. J. O. Knowles, Rev. D. C. Babcock, Rev. W. F. Warren, Rev. Abel Stevens, Rev. H. W. Warren, and Rev. E. Davies. All these, and more, have made our editorial pages alive with truth and grace. Our list of contributors has been equally ample and excellent. Rev. Messrs. Munger, McDonald, Charles Adams, Howard, Noon, J. H. Beale, Stanley, Newhall, Daniel Steele, Colleigh, E. O. Haven, Eddy, Wise, W. N. Rice, O. W. Scott, Townsend, David Ela, Prince, S. Allen, D. B. Randall, Manning, Stutson, Best, Latimer, B. K. Peirce, W. R. Clarke, Stubbs, R. Morgan, A. F. Bailey, T. Hill, Trafton, Cooper, Sawyer, are only specimens of a great multitude of brethren whose pens have done valiant service in our pages. Nor should the not less valiant sisterhood be unmentioned. Miss H. F. Flowers, Mrs. O. W. Scott, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Bean, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Warner, and others like-minded have enriched our store with their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Our other contributors have done us excellent service, and should be gratefully recorded. The pens of Theodore L. Cuyler, Theodore Tilton, David Creamer, Dr. H. N. Powers, Joel Benton, James Redpath, "Willy Wisp," Phebe and Alice Cary, "Marjorie Banks," Mrs. C. M. Edwards, C. C. Hazewell, J. F. C. Hyde, "Harry Bateman," Dr. J. D. Fulton, and such like, have helped to make up the feast of fat things which all, we trust, have enjoyed. No other paper in our Church equals this grand list of co-workers, gathered from all parts of our land and Church, and from other churches and lands. No paper in the country surpasses it in richness and variety of contributions. We intend to make the next volume more attractive than any before. We shall increase our children's and family columns, our Church and secular news, and in every other way, shall seek to make it go on unto perfection. We hope to improve on every suggestion offered, and trust to make it, by the confession of all, as it already is by many — the first religious journal in the Church and in America.

To the hands of our patrons, under God, we commit its interests for the year to come. Our list is handsomely increased upon what it was when we increased its size, changed its form, and made the improvements demanded by the times. Our ministerial and other agents have done good service. Some of them have been extraordinarily faithful and successful. We urge them to make special efforts for the next year. A steady work on the part of every minister in our patronizing Conferences, will give us the largest list of any religious paper in this city, and not a whit behind those elsewhere that have a much larger territory and membership for their field of patronage than we. The beautiful season for such efforts is here. Do not wait until cold and stormy weather. See every member of your church and congregation the coming month, and urge them to take THE HERALD. *We will send it to*

*all new subscribers this fall, from the date of their subscription, until Jan. 1872, for a year's subscription, two dollars and fifty cents.*

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Not a society so small but can increase their list, not one so large, that if thoroughly canvassed, will not greatly multiply their present number of subscribers. Will you all take hold and help us in this especially important hour?

We invite our friends outside of New England, and of other denominations, to subscribe and to circulate THE HERALD. It is not a local or sectarian paper, though it is the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England. It has correspondents in all parts of the country, and contributors from all branches of the Christian Church. It has a good and growing circulation in the West and South. Ministers acknowledge its necessity to their table. Not one but will find himself repaid by its presence. Will you send us your subscription, and get as many to go with you as you can? We do not ask for any other paper to be displaced, but there are many who can and do take other papers besides the one they regularly patronize. You will find THE HERALD the best ally of your family journal in every good word and work. "With charity towards all, with malice towards none," it will endeavor in the future, as it has in the past, to speak the truth in love, to be faithful to the whole Church and whole Gospel, and to aid by its multiplied and varied efforts in the bringing to pass on the earth the consummation of God's desires — the regeneration and unification of the world.

## THE RULE OF GOD.

If ordinarily the Divine administration is enveloped in clouds and darkness, there are grand moments in human history when the veil grows thin, and the Invisible Hand appears shaping events. Above the clang of arms, and the confusion of battle, the spiritual vision of the prophet discerned the chariots and the horse-men of the Almighty darkening the air, and turning the tide of conflict in favor of the right. If our mortal eyes be too dim and heavy to discern the invisible, we nevertheless cannot doubt that He is as really present in current history as in ancient. The Bible presents a panorama of the evolving forces of history in which the supernatural overshadows and interpenetrates the natural, in which the dim shadows of spiritual existence which haunted our brain, brighten into real and substantial agents, sweeping on in their grand campaigns for the enlargement and glory of Christ's kingdom. If our own age appears darkened, and bereft of Divine aid, it is because we lack the glass of Revelation through which to see it. The spiritual forces are still present, and in supreme moments of interest, the attentive ear can hear their tread, and the spiritual eye catch a glimpse of their splendid forms.

Such moments have been those of revolution, the crises in which the fate of empires, or of the Church, was settled for ages. In those great and commanding periods, not only the armies of princes appear on the field, but the legions of angels, the very shadow of God, travel so near as to be almost tangible.

Men for a moment stand in awe, as at the crash of a thunderbolt, recognizing the voice of God in the whirlwind of passing events. Such a period was that of the last days of the Roman Empire, when all human society appeared to be dissolving under the influence of the inundation of barbarians on all sides. Men had done evil, and the trumpet of Judgment seemed to be sounding in their ears. They had heard of the God of Judgment, but now their eyes saw Him, they mourned in sackcloth and ashes. Again, in the Reformation, God marches out in the forefront. The old foundations are shaken; the refuges of lies are revealed, and He sweeps through the hitherto un baffled forces of evil as through a spider's web. Men feel in the conflict more than a human hand. The like was felt in our own Revolution, as also in the dark days of the Rebel-



lion. The armed legions of treason seemed too strong for us; they had made all due arrangements to carry off the victory; no human preparation seemed to be lacking on their part; but just then, when the tide was on the point of turning, when our forces halted and wavered under the steady fire of the enemy, when human nature seemed unable to endure or dare further, and when liberty was ready to be trampled out in darkness by rude feet, there came in unforeseen incidents, that from the very brink of ruin conducted us to glorious victory.

In viewing the course of events in Europe to-day, we feel that there is a divinity that shapes their ends. Men have plotted, but God is disposing of crowns, and thrones, and dynasties. An old man in the Vatican is one day declared infallible, and depends very much, in making that infallibility practical, on Napoleon III., Emperor of France, and the Son of the Church; but so great an insult to Almighty God cannot remain un-avenged, and on the next morning He knocks the blocking from beneath the wheels of his car of state, and allows the gilded vehicle to make a universal smash, and to tumble the Emperor headless into the heart of Germany. Men had thought him, he thought himself the arbiter of Europe; God breathes on him, and he marches forth into the world of shadows. His empire, like Jonah's gourd, came up in a night, and in another night disappears. At the moment this Gaboth of the Papacy falls, a Republic springs to view in his capital, and a gigantic Protestant power stands forth to proclaim a hundred years of predominance in Europe. Verily, God is marching on.

And we have a dim and undefined impression that still grander events are ahead—that this campaign of Providence is only just begun. This bloody part of the drama may be only the preface to still grander acts in civil and ecclesiastical history. Waiting this unfolding, we cannot fail to notice a few of the characteristics of the Divine rule brought to our view in these events.

1. He rules by men. If He had such a legion of angels to govern men, the place would have seemed easy, but He chooses the apparently more difficult method of employing men. 2. He rules a race, already demoralized, by those of their own number. If man had not sinned, the problem of government had remained simple, the law and the executor of that law would have been in every man; but having lapsed, the question of his control so as to aid in the restoration of the race is a grave one. Will it not be requisite to place man under guard of higher and purer beings, who have maintained their allegiance to the throne of God? What general would presume to conquer a rebellion by the rebels themselves, or to govern a people by the very men who were opposed to his government? Yet this is what God is actually doing. The kings conspire against Him, but He turns their counsel to foolishness, making the wrath of man praise Him, and by an exalted wisdom, a kind of Divine strategy, causing the most inimical to execute his purposes, and to contribute to the glory of his kingdom.

Many of the worst, as well as the best of men have been employed in executing the Divine decrees. The Nimrods, the Caligulas, the Cæsars, the Napoleons have been God's scavengers, his pioneers, employed to do his coarser and dirtier work. While He had use for them, they were held in some honor; but the moment his work was done, they were thrown among the rubbish.

When most intent on their own ends, such agents are often made to subserve the will of Providence. Nebuchadnezzar, haughty in his own importance, was used only as a scourge to Israel, and other rebellious peoples, as were the Napoleons of our day. Cyrus thought only of himself, while God raised him up to restore his people.

Not only are the worst individuals, but often the darkest events, employed in furthering the purposes of God. How strange that war has done more than the Gospel to set forward human society! Slavery has led men where a sense of right, or an order from God, would not have done! The wars of Rome and of Alexander cemented nations, and made the preaching of the Gospel possible to the early Church; those of Napoleon ploughed up Europe, breaking down the hedges of society, and turning under the weeds of aristocracy, thus leaving the ground fallow for a better seed.

In ruling men a milder method is employed so long as they will submit to it. She has a Gospel of love and of mercy which is designed to mould men by a gentle attraction; but when they pass beyond this, there is nothing left but the bolts of His vengeance. Those who are not able to be drawn by gentleness, are to be scourged by the most terrible judgments administered by human hands. Hence wars, hence the Neros, the Caligulas, the Philips of history. God has some people to scourge, some culprit to execute.

#### KITCHEN GROGGERIES.

It is a well-known fact, that one of the greatest pests of the present day is the kitchen groggery. Down that city or village street, up that narrow lane, around that sudden corner, into the back door of Mrs. O'Flannigan's shed or kitchen, and you find yourself in one of ten thousand grog-shops, which are the blight and curse of New England. Nine thousand of these shops are kept by members of the Roman Catholic Church, in good and regular standing, and without fear or favor can quit the sale of miserable whiskey and beer at two or three o'clock of a Sabbath morning, and before the setting of the Sabbath sun may have received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hand of the holy (?) priesthood.

This is a condition of affairs which demands a moment's consideration by every respectable citizen. It must not be forgotten that about three fourths of all the paupers and criminals of Massachusetts and of many other States are members of the Roman Catholic Church, but as large, and probably a larger proportion of those engaged in the traffic in rum are of this same religious persuasion.

These kitchen grog-shops are the most difficult to reach by the arm of the law. They are supplied in most cases by peddlers, who carry the vile stuff from street to street, and supply their customers with small quantities, so that if seizures are made, but little loss to the dealer is the result. And with the miserable and foolish law concerning the sale of liquors which now exists in Massachusetts, it is almost an impossible thing for the officers of justice to make up a case, and secure a conviction.

There are two ways of solving this problem of kitchen grog-shops. First, give us back in all its stringency the old prohibitive law, and the seizure and nuisance clauses in full force, and then let the law be impartially applied. Secondly, let the Romish priesthood exercise a tithe of their power to suppress the sale of liquors by their own people and communicants. They are supposed to have the power to exact a blind submission to all their behests; at any rate, somewhere between the infallible Pope and the common clergy, they claim to have the keys of heaven and hell, with power of consigning mortals to either place, as they deem proper. If they have the power they pretend to, let them use it in the suppression of the fruitful cause of so much misery. But whether they have this power or not, we demand, in the interests of civilization and the welfare of our common country, that the adherents of a corrupt faith shall not from an eighth part of the population supply three fourths of the paupers and criminals. The religion that can furnish no better fruits than these, deserves the condemnation of every sober minded citizen; and if the priesthood of the Papal Church do not wish to assume the responsibility, let them, like honest men and good citizens, cease their efforts to destroy our common schools, and devote their energies to the reformation of their own degraded followers.

#### COMING TO ITS SENSES.

The *Baltimore Advocate* thinks THE HERALD would be sorry to have it crushed. Undoubtedly. We only want its old-fashioned Southernism crushed out. But that is dying out so fast, that it seems likely ere long to become Northern, and loyal enough even for New England. A week or two ago it had compliments to Philadelphia's treatment of a Baltimore half-rebel regiment, and last week it held up New England wives and husbands as examples to those in the South. The days of Aunt Chloe's cooking, in "Uncle Tom," are "done gone." Her cook-house, away from the mansion, the pickaninnies and lazy-bones, black and white, if any bones are black, (which the eminent

Doctor of *The Advocate* will of course, in his casteism, declare to be the case), these gangs that haunted the kitchens of the South are gone. They won't work without pay, and there is nothing to pay with. So the pretty mistress will be made prettier by superintending her work, and executing it. Very good common sense is this advice, though very strange, considering its source. We remember some hard hits at Yankee schoolmarmes waiting on White Mountain hotels, and have to say with Galileo, even of *The Advocate*, "it does move, though."

"Indeed, dear ladies, you undertake more than you can do. You cannot keep up the manner of life you used to keep up when you had a swarm of servants about you. You are relieved from the care and drudgery of taking care of them and their little ones; do not undertake to do all their work. Reduce your tables to simplicity. Prepare few dishes, and prepare them well. A New England woman learns how to get dinner in an hour, while you slave at it all day. The New England husband is permitted, perhaps we should say trained, to help in the kitchen-work, and he is never more nobly employed than when "doing chores," splitting the wood and drawing the water, and placing both near the hand of the wife. If she must be in the kitchen, he ought to be there too, as much as is necessary for obedience, but not a moment for direction. This sort of service makes him content with little cooking, and it does both good to work together. All loving work is sweet and noble. There are many conveniences in and about Northern houses that Southern people must adopt. Now that there is no surplus of little negroes whom it was a charity to send to the spring, the hydraulic ram must bring the water, or the pump must be brought into the kitchen. The wood must be got under cover and near the cooking-stove. The store-house must be moved a hundred yards nearer to the eye and hand of the mistress. Company must learn, as they have had to learn at the North, that the mistress and daughters of a house have work to do in the mornings, and must be excused from entertaining them in the hours of business. Then try and bring your faith up to the belief that any stranger who may come to see you will be as content with one joint as with the two and chickens which you think required of you. Just remember that English people in comfortable circumstances rarely think of more provision for dinner than a dish of meat and potatoes and a simple pudding. But the meat is well cooked, and the potatoes done well enough to be eaten, which we take to be a great achievement in the case of potatoes; and the pudding is a new-fangled atrocity, but a well-tried preparation, approved by ancestral longevity. As we live, we would rather eat mush and milk, if that substance can be said to be eaten, or even Irish potatoes, which we hold in reserve as the last resort of starvation, than to see the queen of our establishment hot and panting over a multiplex dinner; and we are no better, nor half so good as many husbands whose wives are drudging to feed them on savory meat. We love women; we deeply feel for their intolerable troubles. But they must extricate themselves. God has mercifully given their husbands into their hands, but they do not understand them. Let us have less cooking and scrubbing, and more reading and praying. Pray that you may read to purpose, and read that you may know how to pray. Try to infuse more spirituality into your husbands. Teach them to look more at the things that are unseen. They will look where you are looking. You have more influence than you see at work."

After such praises of New England women, who shall say that the South is incurable? As in the fable of Mezentius, the only way to their hearts is through their stomachs. They are sure to surrender all, if they do their tables. No finer hostesses are found than in the South. They will be none the less agreeable when they do or superintend all their housework. May *The Advocate* go on in its wise reforms.

Rev. T. R. Goodwin visited the New England Conference last spring. He did not speak his mind very freely there, but since his own Conference met, he has had liberty. He thus contrasts it with Southeastern Indiana:—

"We attended a Methodist Conference in New England last March. It would be an interesting sight to see the two Conferences side by side. We could not possibly guess which would be the most ashamed of the other, and most ready to disown relationship. At Lawrenceburg the preachers did the singing, and it was singing. At Springfield, Mass., the choir and the organ executed it, as old John Kiger would say. At Lawrenceburg everybody called everybody brother; at Springfield everybody called everybody Doctor; at Lawrenceburg the people and preachers stood up to sing, and kneeled down to pray; at Springfield they sat for both, with rare exceptions; at Lawrenceburg theological schools got many a lick under the ribs; at Springfield much of the time was taken up in providing for them."

Bro. Goodwin's memory fails him a little. The preachers do most of the singing at our Conferences, though choir and organ sometimes help. Does he remember Mrs. Van Cott's meetings? As to Doctor, he must look out. That disease was sent us from the



West. It will soon strike home. The other hits are equally hard and fanciful. Springfield was as brotherly, hearty and Methodist, we doubt not, as Lawrenceburg.

"Warrington" relates this incident in his last letter:—

"Battle scenes are getting very stale, especially to one who has been looking for a repetition of Jena and has not yet heard of it. When Mr. Sumner was in Berlin thirty-one years ago—(speaking of Jena)—he was introduced by Theodore S. Fay, then secretary of legation, to the palace where the Prince of Prussia, now king, had a library. The prince left his room in order that his visitors might be free and easy, and they found lying upon his table, open and face downward, a book which Mr. Sumner had the curiosity to look at. He found it to be a French military work, and it was open at a page containing an account of the battle of Jena. Isn't this a pretty reminiscence? Has the prince and king been studying Jena ever since 1806? It would seem likely."

Jena would have never been without a republic to precede and inspire it. The French then, despite imperialism, were reinforced with ideas. The Germans were without one. They have been reversed in this war. They may get changed back, or at least made equal in ideas, each strengthened with the best, "fatherland" and "liberty." When they do they'll be so evenly matched that neither can whip the other or will wish to. Of one sentiment, they will be of one heart and mind and name.

The *Congregationalist* abates its authorities for its slander on the Vineyard meeting, if it does not the slander itself. It informed the managers of the Vineyard if they would consult the police authorities and district attorney, "they would hear something to their disadvantage." It now advises us "to have a talk with the State's attorney." We presume it meant district attorney, for Mr. Allen, the State's attorney, has about all he can do to misinterpret the liquor law and attend to his reformation as a satisfactory candidate for the Prohibitionists. We informed it that the State Police were there. Those "authorities" are therefore disregarded. We can still inform it that if the "State's" or "District Attorney," knows of any iniquity at the camp ground, he is derelict to his duty if he do not suppress it, and he will have the most hearty co-operation of the managers in this work. If he is whispering to others instead of conferring with the managers, then is he doubly blameworthy. We do not write from Cornhill as our neighbor supposes, but from a score of years' intimacy with camp-meetings. The slander is not true, and ought never to have been printed in its columns. It was an insult to the thousands of Christian ladies and gentlemen that are regular residents with the families of this place, and to the perfect surveillance and order of these meetings. If it had spoken in like manner of Saratoga hotels, or the meetings of the American Board, it would have seen how its word looked. We invite its whole corps editorial to the minutest and most prolonged inspection of this charming Christian city next summer. It will find it as pure a place as the rooms of *The Congregationalist*. Does it ask anything better?

"Warrington," and after him *The Commonwealth*, say the Prohibitory party have given up Prohibition, because its resolutions denounced the "entire dram-shop system," which system they claim that Gov. Andrew denounced and the last rum legislature opposed. Their narrowness and sharpness is well answered by a writer in the *Daily News*, who says:—

"The supply or wholesale shops are one part of the system. The hotels are the bottles, table and private room dram-shops. The open bars that sell 'rotgut' are the tail end of the system."

"The Anti-dram-shop party aims at the extinction of the entire system."

The *Republican* cites our note on the death of the two advocates of license or free rum, and the live and hearty condition of their two opponents, and asks if we draw the inference that the former died because they advocated that wrong? We drew no inference at all. We stated a noticeable fact. It has the privilege of drawing all it pleases from the fact. The *Congregationalist* quotes the text about those on whom the tower at Siloam fell, probably as a warning to the *Republican*, that being in need of repentance from its course on this question. In fact, it seems inclined to conversion, for it is "ever so good" in this very number to the Prohibitionists, and promises them all sorts of Prohibition (it will be all sorts,) if they will stay in the Republican party. It is evidently taking the hint of *The Congregationalist*. How sound its conversion is remains yet to be seen.

We receive letters sometimes that would be improved if the writers would sign their names. One was sent us lately exceedingly severe on one of the most religious, scriptural and talented works we have read, by a very godly Methodist writer. If the name of the brother or sister had been added, we should have been happy to say a good word to the writer. Now therefore let no one feel afraid to sign their name. If you have a word of blame write freely, cordially and openly; if of praise, you can preserve your incognito.

The matriculation exercises of the Boston Theological Seminary, last week Wednesday, at the Association Hall, were interesting and impressive. A feeling address was given by Dr. Warren. Students signed their names to the Seminary books, and the Sacrament was administered. Dr. Latimer's address was given before a goodly company. It was learned, racy, timely, and will well bear perusal. The school is in fine condition.

Our friend Dr. Tourjée has delivered a lecture upon "Music in its Relations to Common-school Education," before the National Teachers' Association, at its late session in Cleveland, which attracted great attention, and concerning which the Western papers speak in very high terms. The Doctor's earnest nature, it seems, will be content with nothing short of the completest recognition of the musical art, in its benign offices of inspiration and instruction. He is to repeat the lecture before the Educational Association of Rhode Island and Connecticut, this fall. We have before alluded to his labors in behalf of the establishment of that most appropriate form of worship, congregational singing. His lectures upon this subject, and "praise meetings," for uniting congregations in sacred song, occupy him nearly every evening, and have been attended with remarkable success. It is, moreover, a gratifying fact that they are not an advertising medium for any tune book or musical instrument, but solely for promoting a vital interest of the Christian Church. Churches desiring his services, which involve no expense (save a collection for that most worthy charity, the North End Mission), will do well to address him without loss of time.

It is a very noticeable fact, that the centenary of Murray's coming to America, and Whitefield's death, should be celebrated within a week of each other, and on the same coast, in two neighboring cities only a dozen miles apart. At Newburyport Whitefield was glorified. At Gloucester, Murray planted his first church. He had preached in Whitefield's church, in Tottenham Fields, London, but had given up the faith, by additions that destroyed its vitality. The two probably never met. One sowed a pure gospel, the other tares. Both may grow together unto the harvest. At the Whitefield services, appropriate addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Blagden, Stearns, Vernilye, Rufus W. Clark, and Rev. Alexander King, of England.

The Committee wisely altered their original programme, and invited Rev. Dr. Hare, of Tremont Street M. E. Church, Boston, to speak. He gave a very able address on the relation of Whitefield to Methodism.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Whately and his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Culver, of N. Y. Conference, were present, the former offering prayer. The portrait of Whitefield, his writing-desk, the chair in which he died, the table at which he wrote his sermons, a ring worn by him, and a medal struck in commemoration of his death, were exhibited.

By a curious error, the first part of Dr. Warren's article from *The Missionary Advocate* is omitted on page 34. It was substantially this. In some late researches he discovered a map of America contemporary with Columbus, in which it was called Terra Sancta Crucis, the Land of the Holy Cross. Hence the reflections which we print. We regret the omission.

The Third Massachusetts State Methodist Convention will be held at Trinity Church, Charlestown, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28th and 29th. Full particulars next week.

*The Independent* contrasts Methodism and Universalism, in a very true statement, that illustrates the vast superiority of the former and suggests the only assignable cause.

We find on rereading our Prospectus, many names of our writers omitted, at home and abroad. As we only gave specimens, we trust our unmentioned brethren will feel that no slight was intended. They are all equally valuable and honored.

In our notice last week of Miss Hattie R. Sargent's supplying a pulpit, the town was called Grantville. It should have been Graniteville. As there are towns of each of these names in this State, and Methodist societies in each, the honor was in danger of getting misplaced. Her father has given \$2,000 towards the erection of our new church in that village.

The church in Easthampton, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Colburn, has had a good revival this summer. Over fifty persons converted.

The church at New Market is getting ready to build a fine edifice. Rev. T. L. Flood is doing a grand work there.

The New England Female Medical College has erected a commodious edifice the past season, and, as may be seen by an advertisement in another column, it is to be occupied at the opening of the term on the 21st of November.

A correspondent in Norwich, Ct., writes: "The old *Herald* has become a model religious newspaper."

POSTPONEMENT.—The Annual Conference of Presiding Elders of New England will be held at Wesleyan Association Building, Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8th and 9th, instead of the date previously announced.

M. J. TALBOT, Secretary.

#### PERSONAL.

President Grant, his wife, boy and girl, when they visited this city last week, attended the theatre. We regret that Methodists by sympathy, and some of them by membership, should set such an example. The time will come, we trust, when a President will not find it necessary in his official tours

to visit ball rooms and theatres. We rejoice in a Governor that visits neither. President Grant ought to have been above such an act. He is big enough to be independent of all these lackeys, who wanted to advertise their staff, and so begged his company. Much better had it been for him and his, had they quietly visited the Governor's, or a private gentleman's, or attended a prayer-meeting. Lincoln might be alive to-day, but for a play-house. Grant should set his children, church, and country a better example.

Miss Glyn commences reading Shakespeare's dramas in Tremont Temple, Wednesday, Oct. 6th, and will continue them the following Tuesdays and Fridays. She is reported to be the best reader of these great works since Mrs. Fanny Kemble. While it is as foolish as it is sinful to attend theatrical representations, the reading of these great works is edifying in a high degree. It will be a treat above the lectures to hear her read.

Keshub Chunder Sen has gone home. The longings of the Free (from) religionists were not answered. They were not allowed to make this heathen into an idol, and fall down and worship him. At his parting breakfast in London, he gave his views of London, noted its activity, caste, flesh-eating, intemperance, the happy homes, the ladies, in whose dressing he objected to two things—"their heads and their tails." He ridiculed the monstrous protuberance on their heads, and nothing is more ridiculous, except the like piles, upon their backs. As to the moral and religious results of his visit, *The London Methodist Recorder* properly remarks:—

"Heralded by no ordinary flourish of trumpets as an ingenious inquirer into Christianity, he proved to be anything but an inquirer. He whom we looked upon as an interesting learner with a receptive mind, anxious to advance in the knowledge of the truth and in the faith of Christ, has turned out on closer acquaintance to be as self-opinionated and dogmatic as the narrowest sectary of this country. He has come to England, to patronize the religion of Jesus Christ, to admit that it possesses many excellencies, but at the same time to point out himself as the teacher of a more excellent way."

As a critic of manners, and to some extent of morals, Chunder Sen is entitled to a friendly and respectful hearing; but as a religious reformer he has no message to convey to his fellow-men. He has not shed a single ray of light upon any of our religious difficulties, nor can he be expected to do so long as he is blind to the person and glory of Him who is the true light. However we may feel interested in it as a sign of the awakening of the Hindu mind, it is not by such teaching that the regeneration and salvation of India will be effected."

Rev. Dr. Cobleigh has become a landholder. A gift of one hundred and sixty acres was made to him at Athens, lately, with about two hundred dollars, enough to stock it. We rejoice over our brother's good luck. When he gets on his farm, his New England brethren will be happy to make him a call.

Prof. Thatcher says the best prepared candidate for admission this year to Yale College, among one hundred and ninety applicants, is a colored young man of New Haven. May he come out as he went in, first, and so get, by a curious paradox, the chief honor, which is the last word. The first thus shall be last.

We have received a box of fine grapes from Rev. E. W. Virgin, Shelburn Falls. They are of the first water, as all who taste them declare.

Rev. T. J. Abbot, of Marlboro, and Rev. T. Carter, of Lawrence, have recovered their health and resumed their labors.

The wife of Rev. W. M. Punshon died suddenly at Toronto, Sept. 25. She was an accomplished lady, and her loss will be a severe blow to her husband. The Lord sustain him.

*The Christian Guardian* gives a sketch of her character in its notice of her death and burial. She was active in Church affairs, and much beloved. Over ninety carriages attended her funeral, which was the largest private funeral ever seen in Toronto.

Dr. Wheatley preached at Trinity Church, Cambridge, with great acceptability morning and afternoon. In the evening several were forward for prayers. The Doctor is expected to lecture in course at Trinity Church next December. He will have a rousing welcome.

*The Primitive Methodist* thus notices the conference of the degree of Doctor of Divinity on its chief scholar, by Middletown college:—

"THE REV. WM. ANTILFF, D. D.—We are pleased to announce to our readers that the Wesleyan University, Middletown, in the State of Connecticut, at its convocation, held July 21st, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on the above named gentleman. The University conferring this degree is the most distinguished of all the colleges of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the most careful in bestowing its favors, and therefore the value of the title is enhanced by this fact. We learn that there were but three such degrees granted, of which Dr. Antilff's was one. We congratulate the university which conferred the degree to the Rev. gentleman who is the recipient of it."

It also gives a sketch of his life, character and scholarship. As he will, we trust, be sent to our next General Conference, it is well to know how he looks. This is his portrait:—

"Dr. Antilff is now in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry; and although these years have been spent in intense study, the arduous toils of a Primitive Methodist ministry, and other confectional engagements, he still retains his mental energy and his natural force is unabated. He is nearly six feet in height, and inclined to corpulency. Nature has endowed him with some of her rarest gifts. He has a noble figure, and a commanding appearance. He has a forehead of ample room, a rather prominent nose, a keen eye, a mouth of average size, the lower lip slightly projecting, while the 'crown of glory' of a 'hoary head' has lent its aid to complete the dignity of his appearance."



## GROVE MEETING IN WHITNEY, ME.

Nearly two weeks ago we commenced a little camp-meeting on this spot, and God has wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon almost every service. We inscribed "Holiness to the Lord" above the pulpit stand in large letters, and commenced to proclaim a free and full salvation to rich and poor, young and old, to be obtained by a penitent faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and God has so signally owned our feeble efforts, that the whole region of country feels the saving power, and the fire brightly burns in families twelve miles from this ground, and in one family the father and six of his children were at the altar at one time, and all found Jesus precious. So much of the power of God has been manifested, that persons who had just come upon the ground for the first time, were, in a few minutes on their knees, trembling under the power of God; and so powerful were the prayers of Christians, that one husband declared that through the first week of the meeting he could take no peace, day or night, but on Saturday night he found his way to the class-meeting, and gave his backslidden heart to God. Yesterday was a memorable day; for many who came on to the ground to witness the general baptism, were so smitten with the power of truth and of the Spirit, that they went to the altar for mercy; and some of them were so earnest that they would leave the altar, and go into the congregation, and bring their associates forward; and a number of them were saved, although it was the first time they had been on the ground.

The forenoons have been devoted to the promotion of "Entire Sanctification," and many clear witnesses have been raised up to tell the wondrous story of full salvation. Nor have the wants of others been neglected; for one brother, who had just given all for Christ, said in one evening meeting, that he felt it his duty to give something for the benefit of the South, and at once the spirit spread, and \$8 was raised at once for the Church Extension cause, although but few were present.

The converts embrace the man of eighty years and the child of ten. Noble young men have laid their all at Jesus' feet; and one of them, Alva Hanscom, has received such an unction of the Holy One, that he is just now starting to preach his first sermon in a neighboring school-house, with the settled purpose to devote the rest of his life to the work of the Christian ministry.

Yesterday, with singing, we marched to the side of the Indian Lake, where the angels looked down upon 53 persons standing in a circle with joined hands, who had lately started for immortal glory, 28 of which stepped into an inner circle to take upon them the vows of holy baptism; among them, an aged mother too infirm to kneel, who had been near to death without a preparation, but was now happy in God. Rev. S. H. Beale took charge of the baptism service, and back of the candidates stood the members of the M. E. Church, who with joined hands formed the outer circle, and renewed their vows with the candidates, and it was glorious to see about 125 up-raised hands every time the questions were asked. Then Rev. S. H. Beale baptised five by sprinkling, and Rev. E. Davies (assisted by Rev. Bro. Rowe, lately from England), baptised 19 others by immersion. Others are waiting to go forward at the next baptismal occasion, which will be next week. Bros. Beale and Rowe, with two local preachers, have rendered efficient aid in this mighty work, but we give all the glory to God, and humbly lie at His feet in adoring gratitude, and crown Jesus Lord of all.

We expect to hold the meetings over the third week, for none dare to close it while God is so graciously blessing. We have excellent accommodations in a boarded tent with large stand. The weather, order, and attendance have been excellent. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! Hark! who is that singing so sweetly? Why, it is that old man of eighty years, who came to the altar the other day, and said he wanted "God to give him a new heart, and turn him from his wickedness." Now he sings, "I am going home," etc.

Now if so much good can be done by the united effort of one grove meeting, why not multiply them? Why not have a dozen of them in Aroostook County at different points, where only three ministers can be found who can work together with the eternal God to help them? How much better than large meetings, where so much talent must be idle!

Such has been the spirit of prophecy that God has poured upon his servants and upon his handmaidens, that we have been obliged to omit the sermons that we intended to preach, so that with only three ministers, we could preach all the sermons necessary, and still have time to rest. God gave us many short and powerful sermons from the lips that had been touched by holy fire among the laity, and again and again the blessed Holy Ghost was poured upon sinners and saints.

1. We have learned that God can work by many or few.
  2. That when any band of consecrated souls move forward in an honest effort to save souls, the God of glory will succeed their efforts.
  3. That the grove is better than the meeting-house, to hold reformation meetings in, because it takes the people from their homes and cares, and turns their attention toward heaven day after day, while the truth of God is poured upon them.
  4. That when we have gained one victory, we must still keep humble and give God the glory, that we may yet see greater things.
  5. That the meetings must be kept up in the same place day and night, Sabbath and week day, giving God or man no rest, but, like the all-conquering Prussians, march on from conquering to conquer, knowing no defeat this side of hell.
- We have determined this day to have a Methodist meeting-house in Whitney, and have a part of the money pledged as a thank-offering to God for this mighty work.

The meeting is still in full force, and 16 more are waiting

for baptism. This is the third week, and sinners are saved every day. Last evening, after the meeting closed, we found a married man so deeply convicted, that he feared to leave the ground till he bowed in prayer. We gathered round him, and in a few minutes he was on his feet shouting for joy, and at the same time a poor sailor was converted, who had been in but two meetings for the last 20 years. This is truly the day of salvation, and sinners are warned of their danger by the severe sickness of a young man, who has not yet yielded to Christ, though he has spent a week upon the ground.

Low in the dust we lie, and give ten thousand glories to God for his marvelous loving kindness. Last night, upon our knees, we pledged to God that we would not leave this ground till we had orders from Heaven, not for quarterly meetings or preachers' meetings, which are coming this week and next on my charge. While God fingers among us, and souls are being saved, we will wait and work.

Bro. Hanscom's school-house meeting was a success, for the power of God fell so upon the people while he was preaching, that careless sinners wept and trembled, and rushed to the altar for prayers, and found peace in believing.

My heart so swells with gratitude, that if I had a thousand bodies and souls, I would give them all to the work of Christ, and would proceed forthwith to hold a thousand grove meetings in different parts of this redeemed world. Pray for us.

E. DAVIES.

## VERMONT METHODIST CONVENTION.

In addition to our report last week, we publish the following from our correspondent: "Peculiar difficulties beset the project of a Vermont Methodist Convention, and but for the persistence of a few brethren in pushing the matter along, the enterprise would long since have been abandoned as hopeless. The Convention has been held, however, and was a success; the faint hearts are encouraged, and the fainthearts jubilant.

"Tuesday, Sept. 20, witnessed the organization of the Convention in the M. E. Church at Montpelier, with S. B. Rockwell, esq., of Middlebury, in the chair, supported by an appropriate number of Vice-Presidents, and H. A. Spencer acting as Secretary.

"Bro. H. Eastman presented a deeply interesting and valuable 'Historical and Statistical Sketch of Methodism in Vt.,' which we would summarize but for its forthcoming publication in full. 'Our Denominational Peculiarities' were ably set forth by Rev. I. McAnn; 'Our Educational Interests and Duties,' by Rev. A. F. Bailey, in a speech which for comprehensiveness and power was not surpassed; 'How may the Sunday-school be made to contribute most to the power of the Church?' was thoroughly discussed by Rev. J. C. W. Cox; an earnest and eloquent address on 'Temperance' was delivered by Rev. H. P. Cushing; 'Church Finance' was treated in an eminently sensible manner by A. M. Dickey, esq.; and a valuable paper on 'Lay Cooperation in the Work of the Church,' was read by S. B. Rockwell, esq. These topics, as successively presented, were carefully and earnestly discussed by the Convention.

"In the absence of Hon. P. Dillingham, who was to have presented the topic—'The Mutual Relations and Duties of Church and State,'—the business Committee, through Rev. B. Eaton, Chairman, submitted the declaration of sentiments, which was unanimously adopted. [This we published last week.]

"On the vital question of the stability of our social institutions, the following positions were taken:—

"We have seen with alarm the evils that threaten our social and civil purity, from the increasing laxity of opinion on the sanctity of the marriage relation, and we reaffirm our position that the only legitimate ground of divorce is the violation of the seventh commandment.

"We recommend the frank and fearless discussion, in all our pulpits, of the question of social purity.

"We respectfully petition the Legislature of Vermont to change the laws of the State in reference to divorce, so they will conform to the Scriptural law upon that subject.

"That the world does move is indicated in the following resolution, which was heartily endorsed:—

"Resolved, That in view of the importance of the Sunday-school work, involving the salvation of our children, it is the clear conviction of this Convention that our Sunday-schools ought to take the place of one of the regular preaching services on the Lord's Day.

"After a sitting in delightful harmony and brotherly unity for two days, the Convention adjourned Wednesday evening, all present rejoicing together in the grand success of the First Vermont Methodist Convention."

On Wednesday, Sept. 21, the corner-stone of the new, commodious and elegant M. E. Church now in process of erection at Montpelier was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by the pastor, Rev. H. W. Worthen.

Addresses were delivered by Revs. H. P. Cushing and I. McAnn.

We congratulate the Society on their fine location and this auspicious commencement of an important enterprise.

A neat and commodious church is nearly ready for dedication at Waitsfield, Rev. J. Hamilton, pastor. A good preparation for the dedication is a gracious revival now in progress. The pastor is confident of 200 accessions. May his faith fail not!

## MASSACHUSETTS.

PALMER.—A four days' Grove-meeting was held in Palmer, commencing Sept. 20th, under the direction of Rev. Dr. L. R. Thayer, Presiding Elder of Springfield District. The Grove is but a few rods from the Four Corners M. E. Church, near the line of the Ware River Railroad but lately opened. It was a meeting of rare spiritual power, and the earnest, serious attention of the congregations was noteworthy from the beginning. The societies from Enfield, Ware, Belchertown, Ludlow, Glendale, Monson, Bondville and Palmer were rep-

resented, and on the last two days of the meeting 1,200 people were present. The people of God received a fresh baptism from on high, and a goodly number were hopefully converted.

Over 20 ministers were present, and eleven sermons were preached by as many ministers. The love-feast was a season of glorious refreshing. The old disciples and the new converts rejoiced together, and a powerful awakening prevails in this region.

On the whole, the meeting was eminently a success, and exceeded the expectations of the managers. A committee of five, of which Rev. Dr. Thayer is the chairman, was chosen to arrange for a similar meeting at some future time. The Committee consists of J. M. Clark, T. D. Porter, J. P. Crowell, W. J. Pomfret, and W. P. Blackmer.

RUSSELL DEPOT.—The new M. E. Church at Russell Depot was dedicated to the worship of God, Sept. 21. An able sermon was delivered by Dr. Thayer from Psalms xv. 2. Theme, "The character and power of the Church." Several other clergymen took part in the exercises. In the evening Rev. G. Whitaker, of Westfield, preached an excellent sermon on the fullness of Christ, from Col. i. 19. The form of the house is Gothic, with brick basement. The audience-room is 42 x 80 feet, and a recess back of the desk for the choir; vestibule 10 feet. It is neatly frescoed and carpeted, the seats are cushioned, sittings for 150. Whole expense when the basement is finished for vestry, about \$3,700. The faithful and honest builder is A. P. Squire, of Florence.

All pronounce the house beautiful, and wonder it could be built so well and finished so neatly for so small a sum.

PITTSFIELD NOTES.—On Wednesday last the State Convention made their third raid within six months upon the liquor establishments of the village, and carried off about a car load of the precious contraband. There was no resistance this time, and very little effort to run the liquor off in the face of the bright sunshine; and the excited crowds, for the major part, encouraged the officers by cheerful words, good-will, and hearty wishes for the success of their enterprise. The "rummies" manifest a persistence worthy of a better cause.

Rev. Dr. Todd read his resignation to his people last Sunday, to go into effect next January. He has been pastor of the First Congregational Church for thirty years, and has constantly asserted that he should not retain the pastoral relation after he was seventy years of age. He wants, however, to be considered the "honorary" pastor of his people till death. There are rumors of secession, and the erection of a Unitarian congregation out of his flock.

## NEW YORK.

EAST GENESEE CONFERENCE.—The session began on the 24th ult. at Elmira, N. Y., Bishop Simpson presiding, who took the chair on the second day. The roll embraces thirty three supernuaries. The Syracuse University was considered on the third day, and most encouraging action was taken. There is a prospect that the \$30,000 apportioned to the Conference, will be raised. Six were admitted into full connection and elected to deacons' orders, and four were admitted on trial. Among those admitted was J. McMahon, who has offered himself for the mission work in India.

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. STEPHEN.—Our Wesleyan brethren across the border are beginning to catch our spirit for building fine churches. The new church at St. Stephen is a substantial and elegant brick and stone structure, of the Gothic order, after plans furnished by architect Woodcock, of Boston, finished in black ash and walnut, capable of seating five hundred, and costing without the site, \$30,000. It was dedicated Sept. 25th, according to the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the service of dedication being read by Rev. Henry Pope, jr., of St. John, Vice-President of the Eastern British Conference, after which an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Andrew McKeown, of Worcester, a brother of the pastor, Rev. H. McKeown, whose energetic and efficient labors have been greatly blessed in building up the society, and bringing to pass this noble consummation. Able and eloquent discourses were also preached in the afternoon and evening by Rev. Howard Sprague, of St. John, and Rev. Mr. Pope. An enthusiastic audience, comprising many of the leading citizens, and among them his Excellency, Governor Wilmont of Fred-erickton, filled the house to its utmost capacity, at each service. Zephaniah Chipman, esq., Chairman of the Trustees, who had already given largely, surprised the society by making it a donation of \$10,000, which will nearly free the house from debt. The society enters on a new career of prosperity.

## CURRENT NOTES.

Philip Phillips' hymns are now sung in many European languages, and are even ground out on Italian hand organs along the lovely streets of Florence.

One hundred and fifty-five students have matriculated since the commencement of the present session of Emory and Henry College, Richmond.

Dr. H. Pickard, President of Wesleyan Conference in Eastern British America, editor of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, and book agent, was in this city a short time ago. He is managing the business of the *Wesleyan* and the Book Room very advantageously to both enterprises.

Interesting farewell Missionary Meetings were recently held in Bedford Street Church, and St. Paul's, New York, and South Second Street, Williamsburg. Addresses were made by Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, Revs. P. M. Buck, and J. T. McMahon, who are about to sail for India.



## RHODE ISLAND.

**PAWTUCKET.**—Our correspondent writes: "Sunday, September 11th, was an interesting day with the Church at Pawtucket, it being the occasion of formally inaugurating the new mission at Fairmount. Fourteen months ago a Sunday-school was instituted at this locality, and lots were shortly afterward purchased with a view to the erection of a house of worship, the trustees of the Pawtucket Church bearing the financial responsibility. The school now numbers nearly a hundred scholars; a vigorous class-meeting is maintained, and a number of conversions have taken place.

"Their place of worship has been an engine hall. On the Sunday named, a new chapel was opened. Its dimensions are 28 feet by 40. It is finished plainly and neatly, and the whole property is free from debt. A large and interested audience filled the house and crowded about the windows during the entire service, and attested their interest by contributing over \$900 for furnishing and current expenses.

"The parent Church in High Street has been closed nearly three months, and about \$4,000 have been expended in remodeling the vestries, redecorating, painting in fresco, and carpeting the audience-room, and repairing and painting the exterior. It is now not only a pleasant and attractive house of worship, but the new arrangement of the vestries has made it surpassingly convenient for the purposes of Sunday school and social services.

"On the evening of the day named above, this house was reopened. The quarterly meeting was made the occasion of both services. The morning love-feast was a season of great refreshing. Representatives were present from each of the three colonies which this church has established within five years. Both the sermons were preached by the Presiding Elder of Providence District, Rev. M. J. Talbot.

"Under the labors of Rev. E. D. Hall, this Church is prospering both materially and spiritually. Last spring a new financial plan was adopted. The pew owners transferred their pews to the trustees, and they were let before closing the house, with a financial success greater than was anticipated. A revival interest is resting upon the Church. The members are advancing in holiness, and sinners are coming to Christ."

**LITTLE COMPTON.**—Rev. Walter Eia writes: "The contract for the erection of a new church for the Methodist Society here has been made, and the lumber ordered. Work will be commenced immediately.

The house is to be 45 x 70 feet. In the basement there is to be a vestry 12 feet high, class room and ladies' parlor. The audience room will be finished to the rafters, with recess for the pulpit.

The choir will be at the left of the preacher, another recess containing the organ.

The tower and spire will be on the corner of the house, a small tower being on the opposite corner. The house is expected to cost about \$10,000.

We hope to get into the vestry about Jan. 1st, and to have the house ready for dedication by June next."

## EAST LIVERMORE CAMP-MEETING.

In the fall of 1847, at the instigation of Rev. John Allen, of Camp-meeting notoriety, and Rev. D. B. Randall, the first camp-meeting was held in this place. A few years subsequently a small piece of ground was purchased and held for this purpose. Additional purchases have been made, till an area of about fifteen acres is secured and paid for. An association has recently been organized under an act of the legislature, for the purpose of holding and managing the grounds and other property of the camp-meeting. The grounds have been surrounded by a substantial fence. A convenient boarding-house has been erected, furnished with the most approved culinary conveniences. Other accommodations are to be added, as the funds of the association will allow, till all the wants of a camp-meeting are provided for.

The funds for the erection of buildings are raised by small loans, payment of principal and interest being secured to the lender, by a mortgage upon the property. From the experiment of this year there is good reason to believe that the revenue of the meeting will be sufficient to meet all current expenses, and in the course of four or five years, refund the whole amount invested. It is desirable that every society interested in this meeting should furnish a part of the needed funds. The Directors, S. C. Tuck of Fayette, C. W. Brown, and F. N. Billington of East Livermore have, thus far, conducted the business with energy and discretion. Treasurer, J. W. Eaton, Livermore Falls; Assistant, E. Randall, East Livermore.

The grounds are beautifully shaded, and convenient of access to all societies near the Androscoggin Railroad, accommodating a large part of the Readfield District, and a portion of the Gardiner District, better than any other location could.

There is good reason to believe that the East Livermore Camp-meeting will be a permanent institution, and one of the most desirable Camp-meetings in the State.

The meeting just closed, was in all respects a success. The tents were more in number, and better arranged, than ever before upon this ground.

The preaching was excellent. The dominant topic was "the higher life." There was much groaning after full redemption, and many victories—there was less noise and more power than is often witnessed on such occasions, and consequently less disposition on the part of the outside people to indulge in boisterous and insulting demonstrations.

The order and quiet of the meeting, with the exception of one day, were admirable.

The influence of last week's meeting cannot fail to be favorable to the societies represented.

S. ALLEN.

## The Christian World.

## MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

**WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?**—Fifty years ago, the Sandwich Islands were in the lowest state of barbarism; with no written language, with no comfortable dwellings, with very little clothing, with the family constitution in ruins, unmitigated licentiousness universal, and every vile passion indulged without restraint; the people a nation of drunkards, with no laws or courts of justice. "Society was a dead sea of pollution." The government was wholly arbitrary—the kings and chiefs were owners of the soil, the people were slaves, with their property and lives subject to the will of those above them. The cruel rites of their idol worship was exceedingly burdensome and oppressive.

What a change has been wrought on these islands during the fifty years! "To-day," says a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, "the same people hold an acknowledged place among Christian nations. A constitutional government [their constitution was framed by Chief Justice Lee] administers equitable laws. The symbols and appliances of an advanced civilization are seen. Churches dot the land. Education is so generally diffused that the proportion of the people here who can read is larger than in Boston, and from this point the light of Christianity is radiating to the remote islands of the southern seas."

What has wrought this wonderful change in these islands—a change that would seem to require two centuries at least? But one answer can be given to this question—the Gospel has done it. The semi-centennial of this great triumph was celebrated in June last by a week of the most stirring and interesting social and Christian festivities. The King and Queen and the various government and foreign officials participated in the exercises, and at a grand banquet, towards which the King contributed liberally, 7,000 persons sat down. No greater triumph of the conversion of the heathen has ever been recorded, and should lead every Christian to greater zeal for the conversion of the world to Christ.

**INDIA.**—We have often called attention to the wonderful work of God among the Telugos in India. The work is still progressing, and the prospect for the spread of Christianity among that people was never more encouraging. Rev. Charles Powell, Assistant Superintendent of Police at Ongole, a member of the Church of England, writes a most encouraging letter of the success of this mission. He says:—

"I believe there is a greater work begun and going on under your missionaries, but especially in the mission under the Rev. J. R. Clough, than any in India. I believe this is mainly owing to preaching the Gospel to those who are willing to hear the 'good news,' and teaching those who are willing to be taught. As in our Saviour's time 'the common people heard him gladly,' so it is now. 'The base things of this world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen to bring to naught the things that are.' The common people, as a rule, have been His instruments, and, in this part of the country, are doubtless His elect ones. This great work among the weak ones strengthens faith in the promise that all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest.

"About nine months since, at Markapora, a village where myself and family were encamped, thirty 'low caste' people came to inform us that they wished to become Christians, such as Mr. Clough's catechists had told them about; and that they wished to know more of Jesus. They came every Sunday for prayer, and reading with our own servants. Since that time they have been baptized by Mr. Clough, and, though persecuted, have held fast their profession.

"In the villages around, numbers are being awakened, and are desirous of knowing the true and living God. There is an eager desire to escape Brahminism, and settle upon a better faith. There is a flame of inquiry kindled that only wants fanning to blaze over the whole country, until it becomes a beacon-fire to light the way for thousands more. Mr. Clough could educate many more native teachers. Just now, in Ongole, many helpers have been sent back to their native villages for want of means."

**"CHRISTIANITY ONWARD.**—Christianity is no failure—has lost no real ground—it takes no back steps. It is destined to fill the whole world. An able, earnest writer says, "Christianity is on her march, and nothing will stop it. She is moving forward; and whoever opposes her progress, will only be crushed to pieces. She throws off the puny efforts of Infidelity, as the majestic lion shakes from his mane the dew-drops of the morning. She asks no armistice or compromise from her enemies; if they will fall into the magnificent procession she is leading, they may yet be received; if not, they must abide the issue. Methinks the celestial bands are this moment waiting to welcome her approach to her native skies. Methinks the seventh angel has the trumpet to his lips, and is preparing to sound 'Hallelujah!—for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever.'"

**CHINA.**—This vast empire is feeling deeply the Divine influence of the Gospel. The way is preparing rapidly for the conversion to Christianity of its millions of people. The celebrated Dr. Morrison arrived there in 1807, since which time, 358 Protestant missionaries have labored in the empire. Among the results of these labors, 400 works have been printed in Chinese, of which 28 were translations of Scripture, or portions of Scripture, 30 commentaries on portions of the Bible, 252 theological works, 74 educational or scientific works, 252 were printed in English, 9 in Malay, 8 in German, 6 in Dutch, 2 in Japanese, 1 in Mongolian, and 1 in Siamese. Eleven of the missionaries published more than twenty vols., each in Chinese, English and other languages, the entire number being 432.

Never was our own mission prospered there as at present. The native ministers are greatly blessed in their labors. Let the Church rejoice and give thanks to God for these wonderful successes of the Gospel in China.

**AFRICA.**—The Basle Mission, on the Gold Coast in Africa, is sharing largely in revival influences. Rev. J. A. Mader, a devoted missionary there, gives an interesting report of the mission, from which we take the following:—

"On Good Friday we had the Lord's Supper with 104 African communicants. On the Sunday after Easter I baptized thirty heathen in the name of the triune God. Many candidates have been made to wait; from one town thirteen out of twenty. The admitted candidates received regular instructions for three months. Many of these young Christians said that they had received their first impressions of the Gospel through the sermons preached on the streets in towns by missionaries and Christians. Most of these baptized people will never need any material help from the mission. There is no end of new applications for baptism, made by people who, weary of devil-worship, seek salvation by Christ."

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

At a recent church meeting in Westminster, a letter from the late pastor, Rev. A. J. Rich, requesting them to accept as a present from him two flags for the communion service, caused a discussion which showed nothing but kind personal feelings toward him, but still resulted in a vote in the ratio of six to one not to receive the proffered gift. The feeling seemed to be that the church could not consistently receive such a present from one whose influence among them had been to lower or destroy the name of Christ as a divine Saviour. Mr. Rich is about to be settled over a Unitarian church in Brookfield.

The corner-stone of the new chapel church in New Haven, which is to cost \$125,000 was laid recently.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

It is proposed to organize a new Presbyterian church at South Boston, and services are to be held in Franklin Hall, at the corner of Broadway and C. Street, under the charge of the Rev. Charles Naismith. The Third Presbyterian Church assumes the expense for the hall.

## EPISCOPAL.

An earnest effort is being made by Mr. Frederick W. Wey, a student in the Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, to establish German Episcopal services. Mr. Wey labors in connection with the Protestant Episcopal City Mission.

Bishop Wilberforce, of Winchester, after a late visitation at Jersey, rebuked some of the clergy for wearing black gowns when they should have worn white surplices. He said clergymen should obey the rules even in small matters.

In Nevada, the Episcopalians, while not yet having material or statistical returns, have still outstripped other Churches in laying the foundation for future operations. Thus far they have three well attended churches, while 110 persons have been confirmed; 1,600 Sunday-school pupils have been instructed, the present attendance being 600, among whom are Jews and Romanists.

More than 1,500 English clergymen have signed a paper addressed to the Bishop of Canterbury, expressing their disapproval of the admission of a Unitarian minister, one of the Bible revisers, to the communion at Westminster Abbey.

**A PRAYER MEETING AND ITS END.**—Some of the members of the Church of the Evangelist in Philadelphia have conducted a Friday evening prayer-meeting for many years. Their services consisted of prayers both from the liturgy and extemporaneous, and reading from the Scriptures. A new rector, recently called, has directed the sexton not to open the house for these meetings, and much feeling has naturally been roused at so summary a proceeding.

## BAPTIST.

**A CHURCH OF FOUR OLD LADIES.**—The Baptist Church of Mannahawkin, N. J., celebrated its centenary on the 25th of August. One of the most interesting circumstances in its history is the fact that it was at one time reduced to four aged females, who alone held up the standard, and called themselves the Baptist Church of Mannahawkin. The question arose in the Philadelphia Association, to which the church belonged, whether they could be recognized as a church. It was decided in the affirmative, and supplies voted.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In Mr. Geo. Muller's last report, he says that since the beginning of his work for orphans, he has received £467,000, with which nearly 19,000 children have been taught in the schools, and buildings erected, at a cost of £115,000, to accommodate 2,050 orphans. During the past year 1,885 orphans have been cared for in the Ashley Downs Orphan Houses.

## Our Social Meeting.

An invalid sister at Wilbraham responds to the words on—

HOME, BY REV. C. ADAMS.

The perusal of the article of Bro. Adams struck a chord within us which called forth scenes long slumbering in the memory.

Deeply did we sympathize with the writer in his long absence, and heartily could we congratulate him if again he is permitted to hail from his native home. Well do we remember his influence upon us in other days; and we owe him a tribute who was then among the honored of our Conference, prominent in our institutions and among our citizens, while acting in the fourfold capacity of principal, tutor, guardian and pastor. As we revert to those days, our hearts gush over with gratitude, and we are ready to invoke blessings on the head of him we venerated, and who did much to encourage us in our Christian course, ever pointing heavenward, while he led the way.

It may be a fitting occasion to offer to him a little poem, a song of those other days which may not be unfamiliar, and which, if we mistake not, was the production of a genius developed, in part, by his own culture. It may recall a pleasant hour spent with the then called "Ladies' Literary Society" of the Wesleyan Academy, with the assurance that he is not unremembered, and that the bread by him once cast upon the waters shall be found after many days, not in time only, but in the great "Beyond" also:—



To bring them back, were worlds of wealth  
And diadems now mine,  
I'd give them all again for thee,  
Sweet, old, bright days, so dearly free!  
Aye, for one hour of thine.

To bring them back will the grave give up  
The tenants of its care?  
No, no! Those old bright days once more  
Earth never, never can restore!  
The hope is but despair.

Those old bright days! Is there no balm  
To heal this heart sick pain?  
Yes: feebly paint one dying gleam:  
O! Home and mother! These would seem  
To bring them back again.

A healthful word is this, from Rev. Otis E. Thayer on —  
DOES IT PAY TO PRAY?

"What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" —  
Job xxi. 15.

As a nation, whatever is presented for our consideration, we immediately inquire, "Will it pay?" Let us consider this query with regard to prayer.

Here is one who only an hour ago was a poor sin-burdened man. Great was his anguish of soul then! But see him now — how his face shines for very joy! He is a new man! Sin has been slain, pardon received, and the reign of "God's dear Son" has begun within his heart. Inquire how the change was wrought, and, with glad tears of Christian joy glistening in his eyes, he will reply, "This poor man cried unto God; in my distress I prayed and was made whole." Does it not pay to pray?

Here is one who has just overcome a terrible temptation. Satan has been "stayed;" his defeat is complete! Prayer has done it.

Here is a gentle sufferer, never free from pain; yet she has a healthy, happy, ever-foaming heart! "Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song;" and, "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven; so heaven is mine to-day," we hear her sweetly say, while a ray of holy light illumines her face! How is this, ask in amazement those only worldly-wise. Ah, friends, it pays to pray. But here is one poverty-stricken. As it was with the Master Divine when on earth, who for our sake became so poor, this disciple has "not where to lay his head." But wonderful to tell, he is rich and satisfied. He is daily led by the Spirit of God, and fed with living bread. He has a great treasure laid up. And all is the grand result of asking God. Will you still inquire, "is prayer profitable?"

Here is a mourner, a fond mother, whose "beautiful and only" has been called. It was not the loving God's good pleasure that the little bud should unfold on this cold earth. Can this mother bear the blow? Yes, for she has a bower of prayer. Even now we see her bow and hear her saying —

"My little bud unfolds above,  
Near by Thy throne, O God!  
So happy in those realms of love,  
Lord, I can kiss Thy rod!"

How profitable is prayer!

Our friend and ex-editor illustrates how

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

I shall never forget the early days of the anti-slavery agitation. It was impossible for the philanthropic men of that day to see how slavery, then existing in this country, could ever be brought to an end. The matter was entirely in the hands of the slave States themselves, the general government having no power to touch it. The South had become exceedingly hostile toward us at the North, because we had the temerity to give utterance to our disapprobation of slavery.

Under these circumstances, what could we do? We betook ourselves to prayer. Knowing that the disposition of all events was in the hands of God, and believing that He would hear prayer, and, in His own good time would answer our prayers, we abolitionists used to meet once a week to make known our requests to our heavenly Father. We could not conjecture how the chains of the slave might be broken, but we fully and sincerely believed that slavery was odious in the sight of God, and that sometime He would shape the events of His providence to bring about its abolition.

I might as well, perhaps, say that much credit for the final abolition of slavery in this country has been bestowed where it does not belong. There was a class of men, never large, and never influential, but bold and persistent, who did not believe in prayer, in relation to this stupendous evil, but rather in degrading ministers and breaking down churches, as the legitimate means for its extirpation. The true history of this marvellous event, namely, the abolition of slavery among us, embracing the long, patient, persevering, and faithful labors and earnest prayers of good men of every denomination, is yet to be written, and the causes which led to the overthrow of American slavery will then be truly stated.

In the society to which I then belonged, twenty-four years ago, and to which I still belong, we had a brother, an official member, who was pro-slavery in sentiment, or, as it was then termed, "opposed to the agitation of the subject." He objected to the reading of notices by the preacher for such meetings. And, to quiet him and other equally sensitive persons, a committee was at length appointed, before whom all notices should come for their decision, whether to be read or not. Supposing that I had stealthily obtained the reading of one of these contraband notices (whereas I knew nothing about it), he became offended with me and refused to speak to me, or to take any notice of me, although we had been very warm friends. I soon learned what the cause of his anger was, but thought it not of a character demanding offers of reconciliation by me.

After the lapse of a few weeks, Rev. Dr. C. K. True, our preacher at that time, called upon me and said that Mr. S. had spoken to him respecting a misunderstanding between himself and me, which ought to be settled. I replied that I had nothing against my brother S., but, that, if he had anything against me, I was ready to see him at any time agreeable to him.

It was not long before the Doctor came to me again, stating that my good friend was in a state of mind such as he could not longer endure, and that there must be a settlement. He then asked me if I would meet my friend S. with a committee of the church, at the house of a third person, and see what could be done toward a settlement. I readily consented, and the day and hour were fixed.

I shall never forget the grave and solemn countenances of those pillars of the church, as they dropped in one after another to settle the momentous question. At length, all having appeared, the Doctor proposed prayer. He prayed earnestly that there might be a spirit of candor, charity, and con-

ciliation, and that the church might not be rent in twain, or be made to suffer by the estrangement of official brethren, etc.

At the close of the prayer, I was called upon to make a statement. I briefly replied that I had nothing to say at that stage of the proceedings, and that as my friend S. was the plaintiff, the opening of the case belonged to him. Mr. S. was then requested to state his grievances. He arose under apparent trepidation, but soon became fluent and eloquent with the magnitude of his theme. He recited at length the wrongs which he and his sympathizing associates had endured, on account of the proceedings of the anti-slavery men, and eloquently portrayed the disastrous consequences which would inevitably follow, if the offensive notices should continue to be read, and the agitation kept up.

Liberty was then given to me to reply, if I had anything to say. I commenced by remarking that I had not much to say. I stated that my brother S. was one of the best friends I had ever had. I then specified his many acts of kindness to me — how, in the days of my sorrow, when the hand of God was heavy upon me, he had voluntarily offered to me the use of his tomb (having no burial-place of my own), where I might deposit the dead children of my household, etc., etc.

I brought no accusation against him, and made no allusion to his groundless grievances, and had not gone far in describing his many disinterested acts of kindness toward me, when I began to see his lip quiver, and in a moment he rushed across the room with his outstretched hand, and, seizing mine with both of his, exclaimed with much emotion, "It is all settled, brother, it is all settled."

The grave brethren present were astonished at this sudden and unexpected episode, but evidently felt relieved from the anticipated and unpleasant duty of inculpating one of us.

This good brother has been many years in his grave, but I shall never forget his many unfeigned acts of kindness toward me, both before and after this event, but especially afterward.

## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

**PRUNING GRAPE-VINES.** — Perhaps the best time to do the fall pruning is just after the vines have lost their leaves. If left quite late and the vines are then laid down, a course that many follow, they will often bleed on being lifted in the spring. But even if they are not laid down at all, we think it better to prune early and we have observed when this has been done, the winter had less effect upon the spurs left, than when pruned in winter. Many are in the habit of pruning in winter, and even as late as February, but we do not recommend such a course. If the vines are trained on the spur system, then all laterals should be cut back to two eyes, at most, and in some cases we leave but one bud. Some leave three buds, but in such cases there is often too much wood in consequence, and the fruit is small, and does not ripen well.

**HOUSE THE FUEL.** — Before the storms of autumn begin, it is quite important to house the wood and other fuel that may have been scattered in the yard or in piles about the house.

It is poor economy to let good wood remain out and get water-soaked; it is little better than green wood when so exposed. There is much neglect, we fear, in regard to this matter of fuel in the country. We sometimes think if the men had to do the cooking, they would be a little more careful to see that the wood was well housed and in the best condition.

**PICKING AND KEEPING FRUIT.** — This year is an exception to all rules, and the fruit has ripened earlier than usual. The winter fruit should be picked earlier, or much of it will be blown off and become mere wind-falls, and of little value. When picked, it should be placed in the coolest place that can conveniently be found, and there remain until the weather becomes cold, so that it is no longer safe to leave it so exposed.

Apples should be put in clean barrels. They should be picked carefully so as to avoid all bruises, that will only result in injury to the fruit. Let apples that are put up for the best, be so in all respects, and all inferior and small specimens put into the second sort, to be sold at a lower price. Winter pears should be treated very much as the apples are, for the first few weeks. Some sorts, such as the Lawrence, may be put into barrels, the same as apples, and they will ripen just as well as apples.

The secret of keeping fruit fresh and sound for a long time is to keep it cool and rather dry, but not dry enough to cause it to shrivel.

**FEEDING SWINE.** — In two months or less it will be time to kill the hogs that have been kept through the year. Every good farmer delights in having fat hogs to slaughter, but all do not seem to succeed in securing them. Through the spring and summer the only object was to keep the animals growing, so as to get a good large frame, on which to put the fat later in the season, when the weather becomes a little cooler.

At this season of the year there is much about the farm that can be profitably fed to pigs, such as small potatoes boiled and mixed with meal, squashes, pumpkins, sweet apples, beets and other things, all of which are greedily eaten by them. Meal should be fed with all this food in liberal quantities. Some prefer to feed whole corn, but we do not approve this method, for it does not give the results that the same amount of grain made into meal will give. They should have all they will eat, but not be allowed to waste any. In order to secure such a result, feed often and in rather small quantities. Good farmers say a hog should be so fed as never to squeal. Plenty of good food, with a comfortable nest, with a good breed of pigs, will secure good results.

**KEEPING GRAPES FRESH FOR WINTER USE.** — If you desire delicious, fresh grapes in winter, or even up to next

spring, they can be had by a very little care and expense. Pick the bunches only in a dry, warm day, and place them in a cool, shady place for at least three days; then commence to pack them in paper boxes that will hold about ten pounds. Between each layer of grapes place a single thickness of newspaper; the boxes should not contain more than three layers in thickness. Then place in a cool dry room — not in a cellar, for the natural dampness there will cause mould and decay. In this way, the past very damp unfavorable season we kept Concord, Delaware, Hartford and Diana, the last being in good condition in March. — *Rural World.*

**HOW FAR WILL BEES GO FOR HONEY?** — Bees will go a distance of three miles for honey, if they cannot find any nearer their hives. Bees should not be obliged to go more than a mile and a half to work profitably. I have known of instances of bees going that distance while working on bass-wood, and increase in weight from two to five pounds daily. I have often seen statements about bees going five or six miles for honey, but I have never seen anything in my own experience that would confirm such statements. I have, however, known of instances where, during a protracted spell of dry weather, bees have brought water a distance of four miles. I think that a mile and a half is the maximum distance that bees should go for honey, in order to be very profitable to their owner. — H. A. B. — *Rural New Yorker.*

## The Righteous Dead.

Sister MARIA, wife of Bro. Philip Spencer, died in Argyle, Me., Aug. 15, aged 35 years.

She experienced religion in early life, but never made a public profession until the autumn of 1847. After regaining, at that time, the freedom of her early experience, she was led to strive for a higher experience in the Divine life. After some months of struggle with doubts and fears, she gained the rest of faith, and thenceforward she dwelt in love, which "casteth out fear," until Jesus called her to Himself, and to the enjoyment of the mansion in the Father's house, prepared for her by his own loving hands. It is fitting to her case that we adopt the beautiful words of Whittier: —

"As a cloud of the sunset slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber which awakes in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this."

H. P. BLOOD.

Mrs. MARY WHITE, mother of the wife of Rev. H. P. Blood, died in Portland, July 10, aged 53 years and 3 months.

Many years since she experienced religion, and joined the Baptist Church. Here was a life of faithful, love-inspired toil. She was a devoted mother, and lived for the welfare of her children. In their prosperity and happiness she was ever blessed. Until late in life, her strength was firm. Her departing hour was one of suffering; but sweet is her rest in Jesus now.

"Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!  
How as heaven a mother's tender love!  
The love of many prayers, and many tears,  
Which changes not with dim, declining years,  
The only love, which, on this tempest earth,  
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth."

H. P. BLOOD.

JEREMIAH ATWOOD was born in Welfleet in 1786; was made a child of grace in 1816; and has borne well the title of a "shouting Methodist," till, with a shout, he welcomed the grim messenger that bade him, the 3d of September, "immortal ascend!"

There is something grand in the victory of such a life — fifty-four years of habitual, ardent, manly devotion to the cause of God in a worldly, self-seeking age. But such was he. No one, who knew him, doubted that he was a Christian, consistent, faithful, fearless. His religion was not of that d-d sort — too alive to talk about — it was an every-day theme and song. He filled well the measure of his days, and could say, —

"The heavenly land in which they bide,  
Which erst did ever seem  
An unsubstantial paganist vast,  
A dreamer's idle dream,  
Becomes as solid to my soul  
As is the earth I tread,  
What time I walk, with reverent feet,  
The city of the dead."

"Sleep on,  
Brave warrior! till the morning!"

A. J. C.

Mrs. MELARA, wife of Francis Manter, died very suddenly, Sept. 19, aged 23 years.

She was an amiable Christian woman, and leaves many a sad heart to mourn her early departure. Her preparation was well made, and to her sudden death was sudden glory. Get ready, friends, to die. A. J. C.

GEORGE W. GRAY, esq., died in Barrington, N. H., Aug. 13, 1870, aged 51 years.

Bro. Gray was converted to God in 1833, and immediately became a member of the M. E. Church. He resided in this city much of the time since his conversion, and was for seventeen years a class-leader, and several years Sunday-school Superintendent in our Church here. In all these positions, as well as in the more private relations of life, he was ever the stable, trustworthy, and consistent Christian man, commanding the respect and love of all who knew him. His disease was cancer, which, consuming most of the lower portion of the face, caused great and protracted suffering, which was endured with wonderful patience and calm trust in God.

Dover, N. H., Sept. 19, 1870.

JAMES TRUSTEN.

Bro. STEPHEN PORTER, of (Larson's P. O.) Fairfield Circuit, Maine Conference, died Sept. 15, 1870.

Bro. Porter was well and favorably known by all the preachers who have traveled Fairfield Circuit, as a sincere Christian man, and faithful steward in the M. E. Church. For years past he has had a good hope, through Christ, of an eternal rest in heaven; it has been his practice to strive for a momentary rest from the Lord, and he has promised to all the family faithful. Although the subject of a wasting consumption for two years past, yet he maintained his position as an active member of the Church, being often at the house of God to give his testimony in favor of the soul-saving religion which was as an anchor to his soul; and when the messenger of death entered his room, it did not find him unprepared. He could say in truth, "To die is gain."

Skowhegan, Sept. 15.

O. C. MASON.

Died, in Plymouth, N. H., Sept. 12, Sister LUDIA A., wife of Bro. Samuel F. Fletcher, aged 39 years.

Sister F. was one of those inestimable women little known outside of their own family, yet very dear to those who know their worth. From early childhood she has led a life of prayer; yet, for some reason, never had confidence to publicly confess her Savior until her death. At that time she and her recently converted companion were baptized, and united with the class. Since then, she has been gradually and surely wasting away. At the last religious service she could attend, she enjoyed the precious privilege of partaking the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As the outward man perished, the inward was renewed day by day. She trusted in Jesus. Her last words were, "I am going to sleep; I am going to sleep."

Sept. 22.

S. E. QUINCY.

Died, in South Royalton, Mass., Sept. 21, of typhoid fever, LEAH ANNA RICE, aged 15 years and 6 months.

Taught of Christ from her childhood, she early became impressed with the need of a Saviour, and one year at Hatfield Camp-meeting gave her heart to Jesus, and became connected with the M. E. Church as a probationer, which connection she held at the time of her death. With a warm and loving heart connected to Jesus, she was ready to yield to the Master. Her cheerful face will be missed in her large circle of friends; we shall listen in vain for her sweet voice in the choir, while a star, the light of home, has dimmed and faded. Anna trusted in Jesus, and "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Sept. 22.

E. A. GOWARD.

Mrs. FRILLA S. BARTLETT, consort of Piny Bartlett, died in Lyman, N. H., Sept. 15, of typhoid dysentery, aged 71 years.

She was an amiable companion, a kind neighbor, and faithful friend. Her sickness was protracted and painful, which she bore with patience and resignation, and when her end came, she died trusting in Jesus. Lyman, Sept. 23.

A. D. RUSSELL.

Sister MARTHA GORHAM died in Chatham, Aug. 30, 1870, aged 85 years.

She was converted under the labors of Rev. Moses Fifield, and baptized by Elder Pickering. She was one of the first members of the Church here, — having joined it over fifty years ago.

NEW BRIDGE.

Chatham, Sept. 19, 1870.



WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$30 PER WEEK, and expenses, or allow a large commission, sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address:



Business Notices.

Parties who are thinking of obtaining a Furnace, should examine the merits of the W. B. DITSON FURNACE CO., 98 North Street, Boston. In some particular cases, this Furnace is apt to excel all others, and the great demand for them shows that it really possesses true merit. Their line of Stoves is also A. 1, as many can testify who have used them.  
Oct. 6, 11 318

THE GREAT ENIGMA.

A thousand guesses have been made at the ingredients of the world's most wholesome and perfect dental purifier. The world has never seen. They were all wrong, so by way of throwing a little light on the subject, it is now announced that the *Libor*, or inner bark of the *Quilaya Saponaria*, the Soap Tree of the Valley of the Andes, is one of the components of that priceless dentifrice.  
Oct. 6, 11 39

"SPALDING'S GUM," useful and true.

A LARGE PROPORTION

Of all complaints are curable by prompt and judicious treatment. The blood needs at all times to be in a healthy condition, and we have it as there is nothing so desirable as "POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR," which removes from it all humors and impurities, and gives the vital current increased vitality. This medicine is composed of vegetable materials, is of many years' standing, and has the perfect confidence of the community.  
Oct. 6, 11

Why not use *White Pine Compound*, when it is such a sure remedy for Coughs, Lung Complaints, and Kidney troubles?  
Oct. 6, 11

WHO SHALL BE GOVERNOR?

Who shall the next incumbent be, Of the "Governatorial seat"? We'll wait a little while and see, When at the polls the people meet. We hope the best man for the place The people will place there; A sincere lover of his race, Who to "do right" will dare; We hope the people then will see, And all the "Boys" wear "Clothing" neat, Coats, Pants, Hats, Shoes, and handsome Vest, From FENN'S, corner of Beach Street.  
Oct. 6, 11 178

Communion Services.

We are making a Specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware of the finest quality and of chaste and appropriate designs. Catalogues showing the different styles will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,

20 John St., New York, Manufacturers of Fine Silver Plated Ware.  
Jan. 6, 17

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.  
July 31, 91 12-177

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE—THE LOWEST PRICES YET.

From the trade sale of the 1st inst.  
150 Rolls English Tapestry..... \$1.50  
100 Rolls Extra Two-Ply..... 1.00  
175 Rolls Ingrains, all wool..... .62 1/2  
40 Rolls Dundee..... .37 1/2  
650 Rolls Oil Cloth..... .40

at our new warehouse, 75, 78, 80, and 82 Friend Street, NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, Boston.

CARPETS AT LESS THAN OLD PRICES.—175 rolls Ingrains, all wool, for 62 1/2 cents per yard, at our new warehouse, 75, 78, 80, and 82 Friend Street, Boston.

DUNDEE CARPETINGS, for 37 1/2 cents per yard. These goods are a yard wide, heavy and bright colors, resembling Three-Ply. The best low-priced carpet in the market. For sale at our new warehouse, 75, 78, 80, and 82 Friend Street, Boston.

ENGLISH TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS, from the late trade sales; 150 rolls at \$1.50. New England Carpet Company, Boston.

FLOOR OIL CLOTH, in great variety, all widths, at manufacturer's prices, at our new warehouse, 75, 78, 80, and 82 Friend Street, Boston.  
Sept. 22, 91 178

WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR CLOTHING?

Let us give you a word of advice. If you want a good article, well-made, and at a moderate price, then go to FOWLE'S ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE, No. 25 Washington St., Corner of Cornhill. Mr. Fowle has recently moved to his present location, and has now in store one of the largest and best stocks of "READY-MADE CLOTHING" to be found in this city; all of his own manufacture. Great care has been taken to have it made in the most thorough manner. He has also a large and varied assortment of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, comprising everything in this line.

He adheres strictly to the One Price System, and every article will be marked in plain figures, from which no deviation will be made.

He also keeps constantly on hand a large and carefully selected stock of PIECE GOODS, both foreign and domestic, which he will make up to order in the latest styles and best manner, at prices much under what is usually charged. He invites all to call and examine his stock, and is satisfied they will find it for their interest to purchase.  
Sept. 13, 91 113

A RARE CHANCE TO PURCHASE BUILDING LOTS IN AUBURNDALE.

These Lots now offered for sale are finely situated on high ground, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, from six to ten minutes walk from the depot, near the Landis Seminary, and in an unexceptionable neighborhood.

To persons desirous of securing a pleasant home this presents a favorable opportunity, as they will be sold at a great bargain, on which but a small amount will be required in cash. For particulars apply to  
E. D. WINGLOW, 38 Bromfield St.  
Aug 13, 91 17

KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS.—All wool, 80 cts per yard, such as are selling at \$1.35 per yard.  
JOHN J. FRAWLEY & Co., Boston.  
10,000 yards carpeting in remnants of from 10 to 30 yards each, for sale at less than market rates.  
JOHN J. FRAWLEY & Co., 47 Washington St., Boston.  
NEW FALL DESIGNS.—Don't be induced to buy an old style until you have seen the new designs in Brussels and Tapestry now being opened by  
JOHN J. FRAWLEY & Co., Sept. 13, 181 178 47 Washington St., Boston.

OCTOBER, 1870.

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FRENCH Moquettes and Axminsters, with Borders, French Importations, of the Choicest Styles, in the most delicate and beautiful shadings.

ENGLISH "Royal Wiltons" and "Louvre Velvets," Novelties in Pattern and Coloring.

ENGLISH Tapestry Velvets. A Fine Assortment.

1,000 PIECES Best English Brussels in every variety of Novelty in Style and Finish.

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EXTRA Heavy English Three-ply and "Kidderminsters."

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The Clergy and the Press are loud in its praise. Old agents, and those hitherto unsuccessful, are meeting with great success. Address, with stamp, for full particulars, E. B. TRENT & CO., 634 Broadway, N. Y.  
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Imitation do. 50c.

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60 CENTS EACH.

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Cleanes Kid Gloves instantly, is perfectly free from any odor, will not injure the most delicate color. The gloves look as good as new.

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Sept. 13, 17 97

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Sept. 13, 17 97

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Sept. 14, 91 17

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